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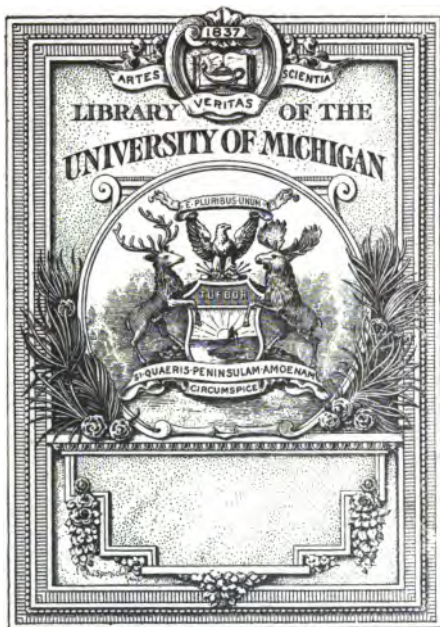
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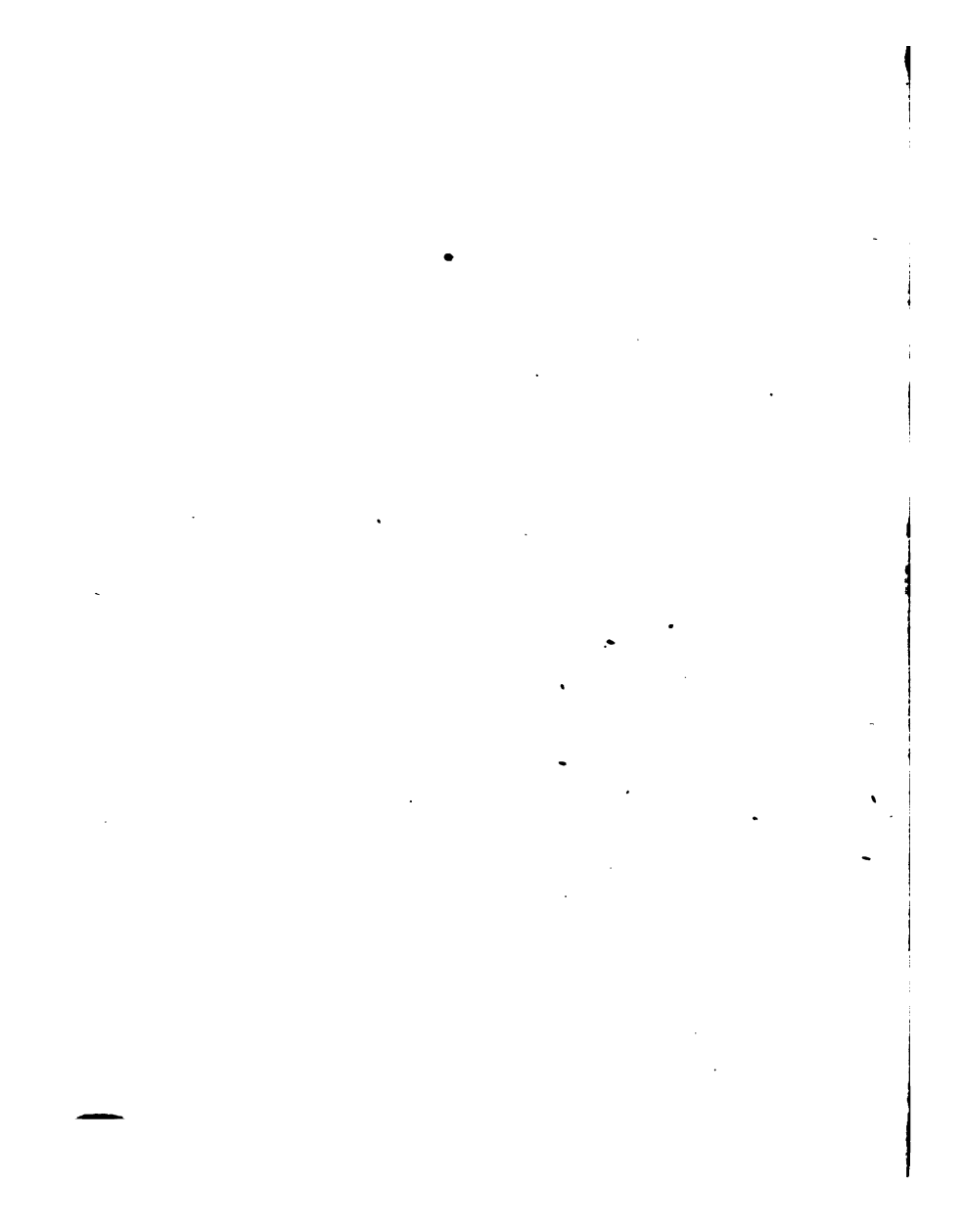
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THE PRAYER ON THE CROSS.
"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

THE TABLE PRAYER

BY HENRY W. HAYWARD

ELIZABETH BULLFINCH

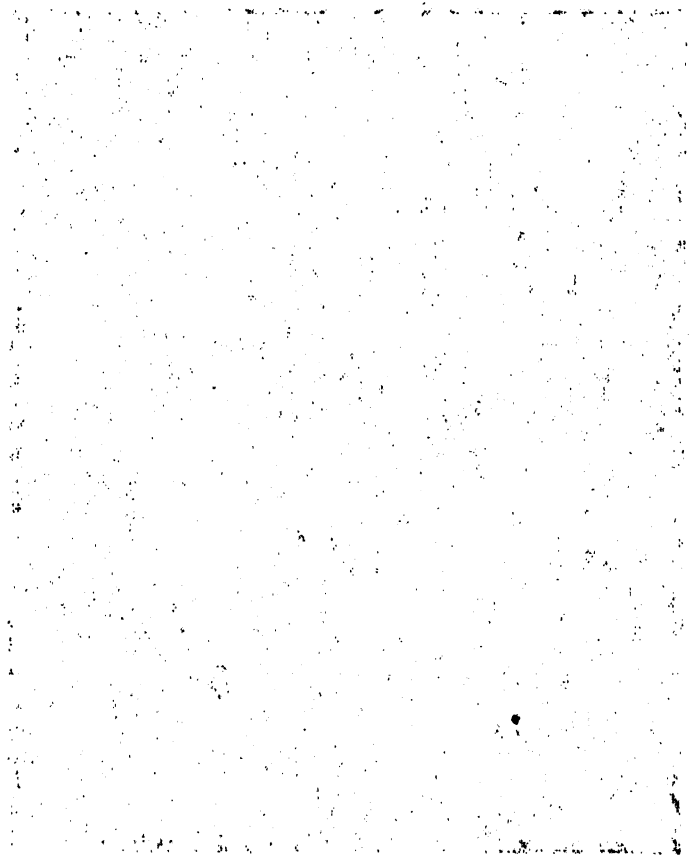
NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

When the manuscript of the Canon of the new Prayer Book of 1888 was first published, it was the property of the Rev. Dr. H. W. Hayward, and was published by him in 1888.

NEW YORK:

JOHN W. WYTHE AND COMPANY,

ARKLIE STREET, CORNER OF HUNDEY.



Page 1 of 1

THE STORY OF
THE NOTABLE PRAYERS
OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

64350.

BY
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE HYMNS."

"When I was employed upon the Creation I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling that before I sat down to the instrument I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise him worthily." — *Haydn.*

BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY,
FRANKLIN STREET, CORNER OF HAWLEY.

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PREFACE.

ALMOST every library is rich in books of religious poetry, gathered from the pens of many nations, and from the thought of all times. But there are to be found only a few collections of the prayers of those who have been most favored in communion with Heaven, and most happy in the expression of devotional thought,

Yet history is rich in models of prayer. It has prayers of submission that point out to the undisciplined soul the low range of its attainments; prayers that have wings, and seem to mount into the sunlight of God; prayers that seem to be made in times of the "open vision," and prayers that show how completely the crushed soul may say, "Thy will be done." These prayers are seldom found outside of their historical connection.

Yet many prayers are clearer revelations of a renewed

inner life than the choicest poems, in which the best expressions of thought are fettered by rhetorical rules, or are made to seem insincere by the very melodies and graces of verse. The clearest pictures of the joy and peace of the soul in communion with its Divine parent are to be found, not in metrical language, but in prayer.

It is well known how much Queen Mary feared the influence of John Knox; and the prayers of Knox are believed to have been the salvation of Scotland. How does a single passage from one of Knox's prayers show the fire of his spirit, and the grandeur of his confidence in God! On the death of Edward, which he regarded as a punishment of the people for their ingratitude, he prayed:

"All are found fruitless, even the princes with the prophets withered trees. . .

"Take not from us the light of thy evangely, and suffer thou no papistrie to prevail in this realme. . .

"Mytigate the hearts of those that persecute us, and let us not faynte under the cross of our Saviour, but assist us with the Holy Ghost even unto the end."

We have here one of the truest insights of the motives, purpose and faith of the Reformers, whose prayers crumbled the Scottish throne.

PREFACE.

v.

So far as we know there is no work on devotion that presents notable prayers with their biographical or historical connections. The thought has occurred to the author, that the preparation of such a work would not only supply a want in religious literature, but present, under a new light, many noble and beautiful portraits of Christian character,

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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THE NOTABLE PRAYERS OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

I.

THE PRAYERS OF THE BIBLE.

In the beginning of a work like this, it may be expected that some reference will be made to the history of prayer as developed and illustrated in the Bible.

The first passage in the Sacred Writings in which prayer is mentioned, is Gen. iv. 26. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." Bethel is the first specified place of prayer, Gen. xiii. 4, and the first recorded prayer is that of

Abraham for Ishmael. "*O, that Ishmael might live before thee,*" Gen. xvii. 18-20.

The intercession of Abraham for Sodom follows, Gen. xviii. 23-33. The prayer of Abraham's servant Eliezer, at Haran, is simple and direct, and is one of the most poetic in its nature and answer, of the earliest prayers, Gen. xxiv. 12-14. The prayer of Jacob for deliverance from Esau is recorded in Gen. xxxii. 9-12, and the experience of Jacob at Bethel in Gen. xxviii. 10-20.

The recorded prayers of Moses for Israel begin in Exodus xxxii. 9-14; they are continued in Exodus xxxii. 30-34; Exodus xxxiii. 12-15; Numbers x. 33-36; and in Numbers xii. 1-13, in which is given his laconic and passionate prayer for his sister Miriam, "*Heal her now, O God, I beseech Thee!*" The record of Moses' petition for the removal of the fiery serpents is found in Numbers xxi. 5, 6.

The prayer of Joshua after the defeat at Ai carried forward the subject beyond the Pentateuch. In this prayer occurs the dramatic ejaculation — "*O Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?*" Joshua vii. 6-10. The wonderful prayer of Joshua, in

which the sun and moon are commanded to stand still in the valley of Ajalon, is the last notable record before the period of the Judges.

Manoah prays for her child yet to be born, Judges xiii. 8, 9; Samson prays for a renewal of strength, Judges xvi. 28-30; Hannah prays for a man child to be devoted to the service of the Lord, I. Samuel i. 10, 11; Samuel prays in his childhood, I. Samuel iii., and for Israel at Mizpeh, I. Samuel vii. 5-10; and for rain, I. Samuel xii. 17-23.

This brings us to the miracle-working prayers of Elijah the Tishbite, and to the period of the Kings, I. Kings xvii. 21; I. Kings xviii. 36-40; I. Kings xviii. 41-46. The record of Elisha's prayer and its answer is found II. Kings iv. 32-37.

The second book of Kings gives us Hezekiah's prayer against Sennacherib, II. Kings xix. 16-36, and the prayer of the same king for the continuance of life, II. Kings xx. 1-3. etc. The books of Chronicles give us the prayer of Jabez, I. Chron. iv. 9, 10; the prayer of Asa, II. Chron. xiv. 11; Ezra and Nehemiah each have illustrations of the power of prayer, Ezra viii. 21-23, Nehemiah i. 4-11

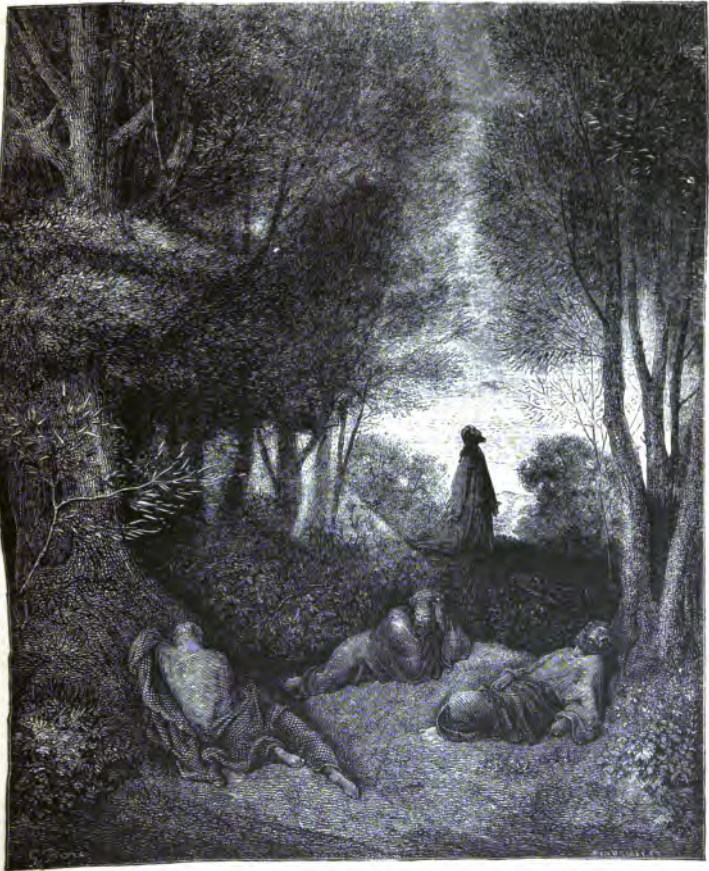
The Psalms is largely a book of prayers, of which the li. and xc. have especial prominence.

The thanksgiving of Daniel is given, Daniel ii. 19-23, and the prayers of Jonah, Jonah vi. 1-3, etc.

The last chapter of Lamentations is a remarkable penitential prayer; and the prayer of Habakkuk abounds with the loftiest imagery that is to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures.

The Apocrypha contains the most sublime and inspiring prayers that are to be found outside of the sacred canon. The prayer of Tobit for death is wonderfully pathetic and beautiful, *Tobit* iii., and the thanksgiving of Tobit (*Tobit* xiii.) contains the highly poetic expression: "The streets of Jerusalem shall be paved with beryl and carbuncle and stones of Ophir, and all her streets shall say, Alleluia." The prayer of Judith, for aid in her tragic purpose, is recorded in *Judith* ix., and the supposed prayer of Solomon for wisdom, in *Wisdom of Solomon*, ix. See also the prayer of Manasses.

The New Testament opens to us, almost at the beginning, the great model of prayer for all time, Matthew vi. 9-13. The prayer of the publican is given, Luke xviii. 9-13. Christ's



THE PRAYER IN THE GARDEN.

1950

prayer for his disciples and for the church, the longest of New Testament prayers, is recorded in John xvii. His prayer of agony in Gethsemane, in Luke xxii. 39-46, and the prayer for the forgiveness of his enemies, on the cross, Luke xxiii. 34. See also Matthew xi. 25, 26, John xi. 41, 42, John xii. 27, 28.

The prayer of the penitent thief on the cross, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom," Luke xxiii. 42, is the first prayer to Christ for the redemption of the soul. The dying prayer of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," Acts vii. 59, 60, has been the last prayer of almost innumerable minds in all ages, and will be the last utterance of multitudes of the devout through all time.

II.

The most notable examples of the conversion of prayer into power, are:

Abraham prays, and Isaac is promised as the fruit of a womb that is barren.

Jacob prays, and the revengeful heart of Esau is changed to brotherly affection.

Moses prays, and Miriam is healed of an incurable leprosy; armies, that seemed irresistible, were overcome, and Israel was miraculously fed, protected and saved from besetments of danger.

Joshua prays, and a celestial phenomenon follows, and Israel triumphs over her enemies.

Job looks to God, and his losses are changed to a seven-fold increase of all that he formerly possessed.

David prays; his piety lifts him to the throne of God's people, and overcomes his foes.

The prayers of Asa are the protection of the armies of Israel, the power that wins a victory over a seemingly invincible host.

The prayers of Elijah shut up and open the heavens, and call down fire from the sky; and the prayers of Elisha divide the Jordan and revive the dead.

Isaiah prays, and the Assyrian army dies. Hezekiah prays in a mortal sickness, and his life is prolonged fifteen years.

Mordecai's prayer overcomes his enemy, and makes Israel free.

Nehemiah prays, and the heart of a king is instantly changed.

At the intercession of friends with Christ, the demoniac is healed; Jarius' daughter is raised from the dead. The leper comes to Christ, and his petition is answered by healing; the blind Bartimeus calls to Christ, and the call is answered by restoration to sight.

The Church prays, the Holy Ghost descends; Peter is delivered from prison by an angel; Paul and Silas pray, and their dungeon walls totter about them, and they go out of the prison, through paralyzed guards and open doors.

III.

Among the most sublime prayers in the Old Testament are Psalm xc. and the petitions of Hezekiah and Habakkuk.

PRAYER OF HEZEKIAH.

The king prayed in the temple on receiving the boastful letter of Sennacherib, King of Assyria:

“ O, Lord God, that dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone of all the kingdoms of the earth; thou hast made heaven and earth.

“ Lord, bow down thine ear and hear; open, Lord, thine eyes, and see; hear the words of Sennacherib, which hath reproached the living God. Of a truth, Lord, the Kings of Assyria have destroyed the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire; for they were no gods, but the work of men’s hands, wood and stone; therefore they have destroyed them.

“ Now, therefore, O Lord, our God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all the nations of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only.”

Promise of the answer, as delivered by Isaiah:

“ Thus saith the Lord God of Israel. That which thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib, King of Assyria, I have heard,” etc. II. Kings xix. 20-34.

The answer :

“And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, one hundred and eighty-five thousand, and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.”

Prayer of Hezekiah, that his life might be prolonged :

“Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight.”

The answer :

“Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, behold I will add unto thy days fifteen years. Isa. xxxviii. 5.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING AND REMEMBRANCE.

“The writing of Hezekiah, king of Judah,

when he had been sick, and was recovered of his sickness:

“I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave: I am deprived of the residue of my years.

“I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

“Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent: I have cut off like a weaver my life: he will cut me off with pining sickness: from day even to night will thou make an end of me.

“I reckoned till morning, that, as a lion, so will he break all my bones: from day even to night wilt thou make an end of me.

“Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.

“What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.

O Lord, by these things men live, and in all

these things is the life of my spirit: so will thou recover me, and make me to live.

“Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.

“For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth.

“The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known thy truth.

“The Lord was ready to save me: therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord.” Isa. xxxviii.

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

The prayer of Habakkuk has ever been regarded as one of the most lofty strains of Hebrew poetry. The passage commencing, “God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran,” is, next to the descent on Sinai, the most awe-inspiring representation of the majesty, and power, and glory of the Deity in Holy Writ.

“ O, Lord, I have heard thy speech; and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known: in wrath remember mercy.

“ God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise.

“ And his brightness was as the light; he had horns coming out of his hand: and there was the hiding of his power.

“ Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet.

“ He stood and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting.

“ I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction: and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.

“ Was the Lord displeased against the rivers? was thine anger against the rivers? was thy wrath against the sea, that thou didst ride upon thine horses and thy chariots of salvation?

“ Thy bow was made quite naked, according

to the oaths of the tribes, even thy word. Selah. Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.

“The mountains saw thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.

“The sun and moon stood still in their habitation: at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shining of thy glittering spear.

“Thou didst march through the land in indignation, thou didst thresh the heathen in anger.

“Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people, even for salvation with thine anointed; thou woundedst the head out of the house of the wicked, by discovering the foundation unto the neck. Selah.

“Thou didst strike through with his staves the head of his villages: they came out as a whirlwind to scatter me: their rejoicing was as to devour the poor secretly.

“Thou didst walk through the sea with thine horses, through the heap of great waters.

“When I heard, my belly trembled; my lips quivered at the voice: rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled in myself, that I

might rest in the day of trouble: when he cometh up unto the people, he will invade them with his troops.

“Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls:

“Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

“The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds’ feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places. To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.”

We find the following anecdote of the influence of this wonderful prayer on a company of French atheists:

During Dr. Franklin’s residence in Paris, after an evening entertainment, a number of the *literati* present assented to the general charge against the Bible as being a piece of deception, and destitute of any literary merit. While the whole party assented, it was observed that the doctor gave no answer, and they appealed to him for

his opinion. He avoided an expression of it, by saying that his mind had been running on a book which he had fallen in with at one of the stores. It might interest them if he would read a short section. They were all eager to hear. Taking the book out of his pocket, he read, in a grave and solemn manner, a short poem. They all pronounced it the best they had ever heard.

“That is fine,” said one.

“That is sublimity,” said another.

“It has not its superior in the world,” was the unanimous opinion.

The company were surprised when told that the sublime composition was a part of the Hebrew Scriptures—the Prayer of Habakkuk.

II.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

METRICAL, FOR CHURCH MUSIC, ABOUT THREE CENTURIES AGO:

*“ Our Father which in heaven art,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come,
On earth thy will be done,
Even as the same in heaven is.
Give us, O Lord, our daily bread this day.
As we forgive our debtors,
So forgive our debts we pray.*

*Into temptation lead us not,
From evil make us free:
The kingdom, power and glory thine,
Both now and ever be."*

MODERN METRICAL VERSION.

*"Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
Thy name be hallowed everywhere:
Thy kingdom come: on earth, thy will,
E'en as in heaven, let all fulfil:
Give this day's bread that we may live:
Forgive our sins as we forgive:
Help us temptation to withstand:
From evil shield us by thy hand:
Now and forever unto thee,
The kingdom, power and glory be. Amen."*

FROM A MS. IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY OF
THE 15TH CENTURY.

*"Fader oure that art in heuenes, halwed be thy
name. Thy kyngdom come to thee: thy wille
be do in erthe as in heuen: oure eche dayes
brede gene us to daye: and forgeue us our dettes
as we forgeue to oure dettours: and lede us
nogte into temptacion; but delyver us from yuel.
"Amen."*

FROM THE PRYMER IN ENGLISH AND LATIN.

PARIS, 1538.

“Oure father whiche art in heuen, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kyngdome cum vnto vs. Thy wyll be fulfilled as well in erthe, as it is in heuen. Gyue vs this daye our daylye breade. And forgyue vs our trespasses, as we forgyue them that trespas agaynst us. And lede vs not into temptacion. But delyver vs from euyll. So be it.”

LATIN (*without the ascription of praise*).

“Pater noster, qui es in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adueniat regnum tuum; fiat voluntas tua, sicut in coelo, et in terra; panem nostrum supersubstantialem da nobis hodie; et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris; et ne nos in ducas in tentationem; sed libera nos a malo. Amen.”

ASCRPTION OF PRAISE.

“Quoniam tuum est regnum, et portencia et gloria in sempiternum. Amen.”

GREEK.

*Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ
 ὄνομά σου, ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου, γεννηθήτω τὸ
 θέλημά σου ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς· τὸν
 ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον, καὶ
 ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς
 ἀφήκαμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν, καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγ-
 κης ἡμᾶς εἰ πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ
 τοῦ πονηροῦ.*

GERMAN.

Unser Vater in dem Himmel. Dein Name werde
 geheiligt.

Dein Reich komme. Dein Wille geschehe auf Erden
 wie im Himmel.

Unser täglich Brod gib uns heute.

Und vergib uns unsere Schulden, wie wir unsern
 Schuldigern vergeben.

Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns
 von dem Uebel.

Denn dein ist das Reich, und die Kraft, und die
 Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit.

Amen.

FRENCH.

“Notre Père, qui es aux cieux, ton nom soit sanctifié.

“Ton règne vienne; ta volonté soit faite sur la terre comme au ciel;

“Donne-nous aujourd’hui notre pain quotidien;

“Et nous quitte nos dettes, comme nous quittons aussi les dettes à nos débiteurs;

“Et ne nous induis point en tentation; mais délivre-nous du mal; car à toi est le règne, et la puissance et la gloire à jamais.

“Amen.”

METRICAL VERSION.

Ascribed to James I., but possibly composed by Bishop Andrews.

*“If any be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him hasten unto*

Our Father;

*“For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Unless Thou succor us*

Who art in heaven.

“Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same

*We praise Thee, singing;
Hallowed be Thy name.*

*“Of all our miseries cast up the sum,
Show us Thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come.*

*“We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou constant art:
Thy will be done on earth.*

*“Thou mad'st the earth, as well as planets seven;
Thy name is Blessed here,
As 'tis in heaven.*

*“Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us.
Give us this day*

*“Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.*

*“We want, but want no faults; for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses.*

*“No man from sinning ever free did live,
Forgive us Lord our sins,
As we forgive.*

*"If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdain-
est us;*

We pardon

Them that trespass against us:

*"Forgive us, that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy faith,*

And lead us,

*"We Thine own people and Thy chosen nation
Into all truth, but*

Not into temptation.

*"Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander*

But deliver

*"Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt Thou free us*

From all evil.

*"To these petitions let both church and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice say*

Amen."

III.

THE PRAYER OF TOBIT FOR DEATH.

“ O Lord, thou art just, and all thy works and all thy ways are mercy and truth, and thou judgest truly and justly forever. ”

“ Remember me and look on me ; punish me not for my sins and ignorance, and the sins of my fathers who have sinned before thee. ”

“ For they obeyed not thy commandments : wherefore thou hast delivered us for a spoil, and unto captivity and unto death, and for a proverb of reproach to all the nations among whom we are dispersed. ”

“ And now thy judgments are many and true ; deal with me according to my sins and my ”

fathers': because we have not kept thy commandments, neither have walked in truth before thee.

*"Now, therefore deal with me as seemeth best unto thee, and command my spirit to be taken from me, that I may be dissolved and become earth; for it is profitable for me to die rather than to live, because I have heard false reproaches, and have much sorrow; command, therefore, that I may now be delivered out of this distress, and go into the everlasting place: turn not thy face away from me." [SEE APOC-
RYPHA. Tobit, Chap. iii.]*

IV.

PSALM XXXI : 5.

[*As repeated in history.*]

“Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.”

These words, in part repeated by our Lord in his expiring agony, and by Stephen in the supreme moment of his martyrdom, are associated with some of the most solemn and impressive events of biography and Christian history; and have been the dying prayer of many of the saints and martyrs of the church.

The prayer was among the last words of Polycarp and Basil, of Bernard, of Huss, Luther and Melancthon. It was the dying petition of

Columbus and Silvio Pellico. The Princess of Conti prayed "*Entre tes mains, Seigneur, je recommande mon ame.*"

"*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,*" prayed Knox.

"*O Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed my soul, O Lord God of truth,*" prayed the young Scottish martyr, Hugh M'Kail.

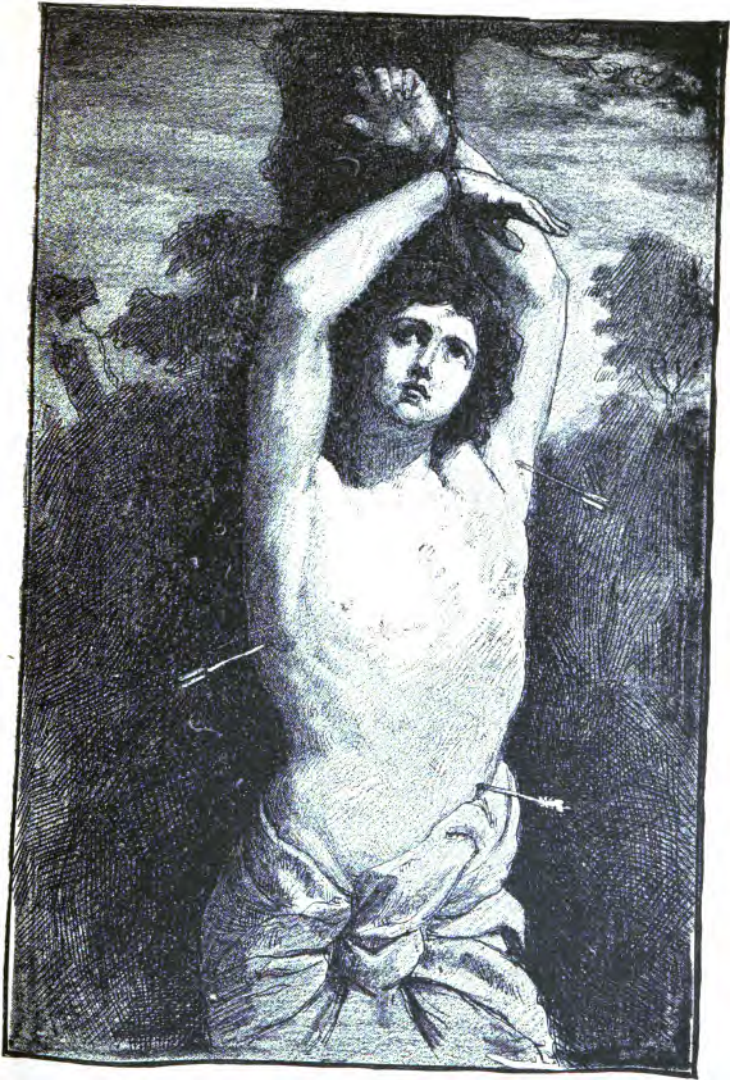
"*O Lord, what does man come to?*" said John of Barneveld, on his way to execution. "*O God, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit!*" he prayed at the block.

"*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,*" prayed Bishop Hooper.

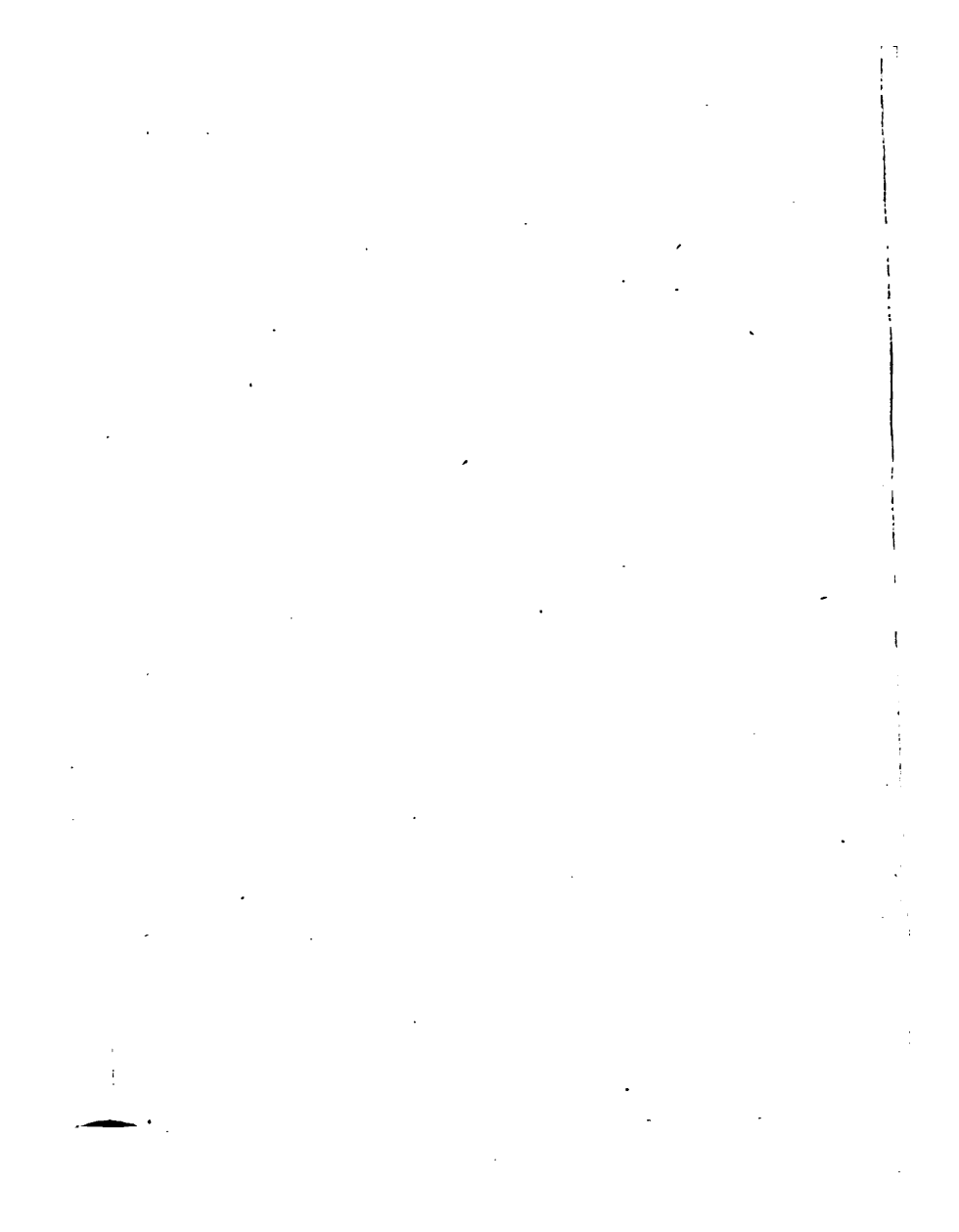
Cranmer, putting his right hand, that had signed the recantation, into the flame, and saying, "This unworthy right hand," uttered Stephen's prayer, as did Latimer, Patrick Hamilton and Rowland Taylor in the flames.

Margaret Wilson, bound to the stake at the low water mark in the bay of Wigten, saw the advancing tide. It reached her throat, and she prayed — "*Lord Jesus receive my spirit.*"

"*Hanc animam in flammis offero, Christe,*



THE MARTYR'S FAITH.



tibi” — “*This soul in flames I offer thee, O Christ,*” prayed Jerome of Prague.

“*In manus tuas Domine,*” prayed Tasso.

“*Miserere mei Deus,*” said Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, holding up his hands and looking up to heaven. When he had ended the Penitential Psalm he prayed — “*Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit,*” and gave the directions to the executioner.

Lord Otto, Protestant martyr of Bohemia, said, “Death no longer seems the King of Terrors, but seems to invite me to partake of unknown joys.” Then kneeling before the block he breathed the martyr’s prayer.

“*Holy Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit,*” were among the last words of Hannah More.

This form of prayer has been found the common ejaculation of eminent reformers, preachers and Christians, who have peacefully died, on reviewing long and successful labors and answered prayers. The prayer, “*Lord Jesus come quickly,*” has been frequently used by those who have experienced great physical suffering. The latter prayer has been often added to the former in the final petition to Heaven.

V.

PRAYERS OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Ascribed to St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan,
born about 340. [See ST. AUGUSTINE.]

“Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur.

“Te æternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur.

“Tibi omnes angeli, tibi cæli et universæ potestates,

“Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim, incessabili voce proclamant,

“Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth,

“Pleni sunt cæli et terra majestatis gloriæ tuæ

“ Te gloriosus apostolorum chorus;

“ Te prophetarum laudabilis numerus!

“ Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.

*“ Te per orbem terrarum, sancta confitetur
ecclesia,*

“ Patrem immensæ majestatis:

“ Venerandum tuum verum, et unicum Filium:

“ Sanctum quoque Paracletum Spiritum.

“ Tu rex gloriæ Christe:

“ Tu patris, sempiternus es Filius.

*“ Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, non
horruisti virginis uterum:*

*“ Tu devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus
regna cælorum.*

“ Tu ad dextram Dei sedes: in gloria Patris.

“ Judex crederis esse venturus:

*“ Te ergo, quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni, quos
pretioso sanguine redemisti.*

*“ Æterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria nu-
merari.*

*“ Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine: et benedic
hæreditati tuæ.*

“ Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in æternum.

“ Per singulos dies benedicimus te.

*“ Et laudamus nomen tuum, in sæculum: et in
sæculum sæculi.*

“Dignare Domine, die isto: sine peccato nos custodire.

“Miserere nostri Domine: miserere nostri.

“Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos, quemadmodum, speravimus in te.

“In te Domine speravi: non confundar in aeternum.”

THE PRAYER OF POLYCARP ON BEING BROUGHT
TO THE STAKE.

Polycarp, put to death in 166 A. D. had seen the Apostles, and been instructed by St. John the Evangelist. According to the church traditions, the beloved disciple consecrated him to the work of the ministry.

During the persecution of Marcus Aurelius, he was brought before the pro-consul at Smyrna, and commanded to curse Christ.

“Six and eighty years,” said the faithful disciple, “have I served him, and he has done me nothing but good. How could I curse my Lord and Saviour!”

The populace gathered fuel with which to burn him; he refused to be fastened to the stake, but contemplated the preparations for his death

with a serene and happy spirit, and prayed triumphantly:

“Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I have received the knowledge of Thee! O God of the angels and powers, and of every living creature, and of all sorts of just men which live in Thy presence, I thank Thee that Thou hast graciously vouchsafed this day and this hour to allot me a portion among the number of martyrs, among the people of Christ, unto the resurrection of everlasting life; among whom I shall be received in Thy sight, this day, as a fruitful and acceptable sacrifice, wherefore, for all this, I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee through the everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all glory, world without end. Amen.”

THE OLDEST PRAYER IN METRE FOR CHILDREN.

In Book III., of Clement of Alexandria, is given the most ancient hymn of the primitive church. It is a prayer for children.

Clemens or Clement, of Alexandria, was born about the middle of the second century. He was appointed presbyter of the church of Alexandria about 190 A. D., and died about 217 A. D.

A recent writer says of this hymn: "Though all the images here are quaintly interwoven, like a stained window, of which the eye loses the design in the contemplation of colors, we may surely trace, in quaint, old letters on a scroll, winding through all the mosaic of tints — CHRIST ALL IN ALL."

The prayer appears about 150 years after the apostles, but may be of even earlier origin.

*"Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise.*

*"Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word,*

*Healer of strife !
Thou didst Thyself abase !
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.*

*"Thou art wisdom's High Priest !
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love ;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain ;
Help Thou dost not disdain —
Help from above.*

*"Ever be Thou our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song.
Jesus, Thou Christ of God !
By the perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod ;
Make our faith strong.*

*"So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praise on high,
And joyful sing.*

*Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King."*

PRAYER OF CHRYSOSTOM.

Chrysostom, the silver-tongued, a pre-eminent Greek father in the church, was born at Antioch in Syria, about 350 A. D. His father was a commander of the Imperial army. He studied eloquence under a famous orator, and philosophy at Athens.

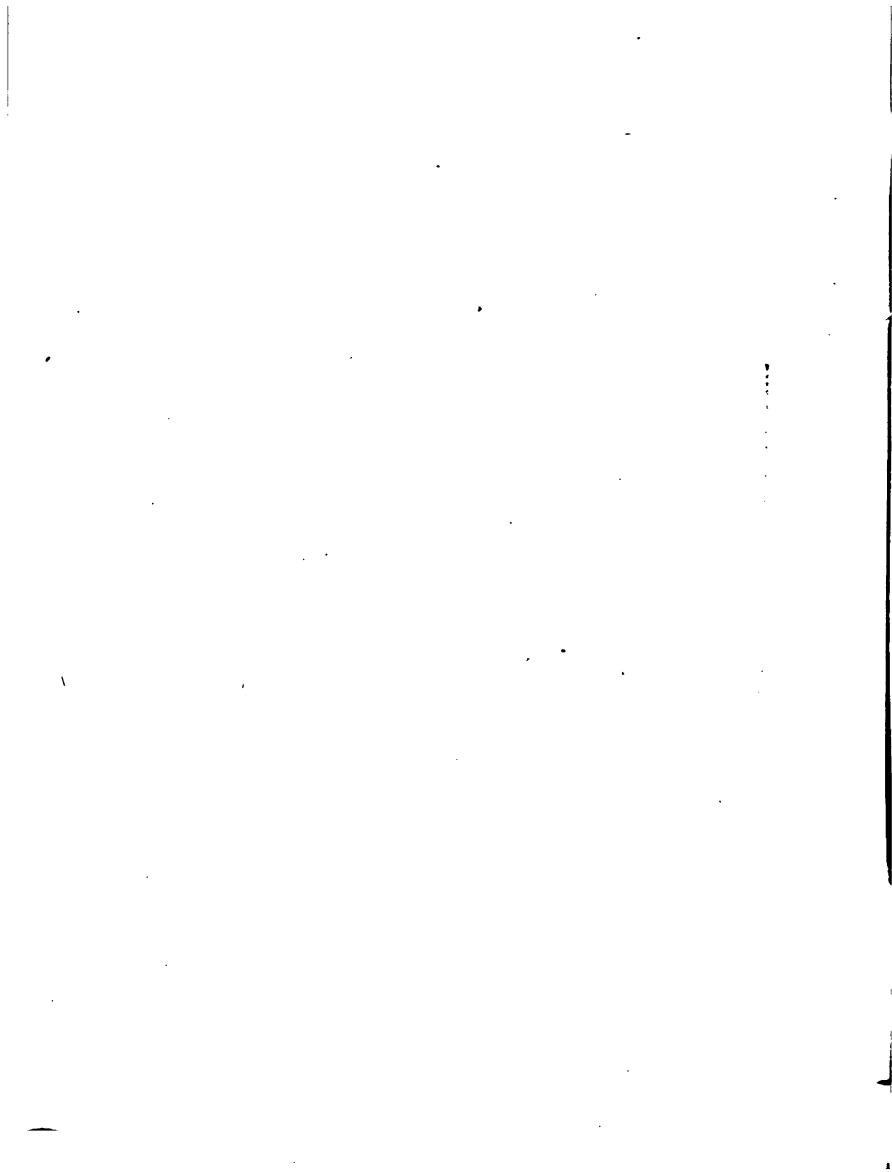
At an early age he became a Christian, and was influenced by the ascetic ideas that prevailed in the church at the time. He is said to have spent two years in an unwholesome cavern, committing the Bible to memory.

In 397 A. D. he was chosen Archbishop of Constantinople. Here he was for a period popular for his wonderful eloquence, but at last fell under the displeasure of the Court, and was banished. He died in 407 A. D.

"Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time, with one accord to make our common



IN THE ARENA.



supplications unto Thee ; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, Thou wilt grant their requests, fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them ; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen."

CYPRIAN.

Cyprian was born at Carthage, about the beginning of the 3d century, and suffered martyrdom 258 A. D. He was of noble birth, conspicuous talents, and in his early days accustomed to the pleasures and splendor of wealth. A study of the Scriptures and of the lives of the Christians completely changed his life to one of self-renunciation and sacrifice. He renounced Paganism, sold his gods, and gave their value to the poor. He became one of the most useful of the early Christian teachers and preachers.

On being appointed to martyrdom, he prayed :

"God be thanked, who delivereth me at last from the chain of the body."

THE SO-CALLED PRAYERS OF ST. JAMES AND ST.
MARK.

Among the earliest collections of prayers in the early church are two which are traceable in their general form and substance to the 2d century; one of which had its supposed origin in the Christian church at Jerusalem, and the other in the church at Alexandria. As the name of St. James is conspicuously associated with the beginning of the church at Jerusalem, and St. Mark with the beginning of the church at Alexandria, these two collections are commonly known in the East as the Prayers (or Liturgies) of St. James and St. Mark; not from any certain association with the pens of these evangelists, but from the supposed connection with the churches that respectively bear their names.

The following fervent, majestic and inspiring prayer is from the collection which bears the name of St. James, and had its origin in the early church at Jerusalem:

“ O God, the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Lord, whose name is great,

whose nature is blessful, whose goodness is inexhaustible, thou God and Maker of all things, who art blessed forever :

“ Who sittest upon the Cherubim, and art glorified by the Seraphim :

“ Before whom stand thousands of thousands and ten thousand times ten thousand, the hosts of holy Angels and Archangels :

“ Sanctify, O Lord, our souls and bodies and spirits, and touch our apprehensions and search out our consciences, and cast out of us every evil thought, every base desire, all envy and pride and hypocrisy, all falsehood, all deceit, all worldly anxiety, all covetousness, vain glory and sloth, all malice, all wrath, all anger, all remembrance of injuries, all blasphemy, and every motive of the flesh and spirit that is contrary to thy holy will.

“ And grant us, O Lord, the lover of men, with freedom, without condemnation, with pure heart and a contrite soul, without confusion of face, and with sanctified lips, boldly to call upon Thee our holy God and Father, who art in heaven.”

A PRAYER FROM THE EASTERN LITURGY OF ST.
MARK.

“Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, Co-eternal word of the Father, made like to us in all but sin, for the salvation of our race :

“Enable us to be not only hearers of thine oracles, but also doers of the word ; and to bring forth good fruit, thirty-fold and an hundred-fold, that we may attain the kingdom of heaven.

“Speedily may thy compassion overtake us :

“In Thee are our glad tidings, O Saviour and Guardian of our souls and bodies, and to Thee we ascribe all the glory.”

VI.

EASTERN EVENING PRAYERS.

EVENING.

The following beautiful evening prayer, the burden of which is guardianship from sin, and deliverance from the power of temptation, is from an ancient service called the Pentecost Vespers of the Eastern church.

“Blessed art thou, Almighty Master, who hast granted us to pass through this day, and to reach the beginning of the night.

“Hear our prayers and those of all thy people; and forgive us our sins voluntary and involuntary, and accept our evening supplications, and send down on thine inheritance the fulness of thy mercy and thy compassion.

“ Compass us about with thy holy angels.

“ Arm us with the armor of thy righteousness :

“ Fence us around with thy truth :

“ Guard us with thy power.

“ Deliver us from every assault and every device of the adversary, and grant us to pass this evening and the ensuing night, and all the days of our life, in fulness of peace and holiness, without sin and trembling.

“ For it is thine to pity and save, O Christ, our God.”

VII.

ST. BONAVENTURA.

“*O buonaventura!*” (O happy event!) is said to have been the utterance of Francis of Assisi, when he found that his prayers for the recovery of a child from sickness had been answered.

The child was given the name of Bonaventura. He was born 1221 A. D., and died at Lyons 1274.

He lived an ascetic life, wrote several theological works, and exerted a great influence on the times. Dante places him, in his great poem, among the saints in Paradise, and Luther held his religious life in high esteem.

“*Ah, sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may*”

truly burn, and melt, and languish, with the only desire of Thee; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with Thee: let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after Thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure; let it always desire Thee, seek Thee, and find Thee, and sweetly rest in Thee."

VIII.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE AND DEVOTIONS.

That was a notable event in Christian history which took place on the 25th of April, 387 A. D., in the cathedral church of Milan. The early Christians, freed from the tyranny of long persecution, and rejoicing in the new triumphs of the Gospel, came flocking towards the church, under the soft purple sky of the Italian spring. A convert of wonderful gifts, influence and promise, was that day to enter the baptismal waters, led by the venerable Ambrose. That catechumen was St. Augustine, then thirty-two years of age.

His experience had been a remarkable one,

and it illustrates his own often quoted words: "Lord, thou hast formed us for Thyself, and we are disquieted until we come to Thee." His father was a Pagan in early life, and had been given to the licentious luxuries of his times, though he died in the bosom of the church. His mother was eminent for her character, intelligence and piety, and for thirty years had made her son the principal subject of her prayers. She supposed that the Lord at last had revealed to her in a dream that her prayers were heard, and that the young man would be converted.

His boyhood was corrupted by the immoralities of the semi-Pagan community, and the early age of seventeen cast him upon the great world of Carthage, into whose pleasures he entered with a self-consuming ardor, and where he became a dissolute young man. He fell a victim to sentimental passion; he spent his nights at the theatre; and the one ambition of his life seemed to be to become an orator, and to win popular applause.

But his conscience haunted him, and he could never forget his mother's counsels and prayers. From the study of oratory he turned to religious

philosophy, and became a disciple of Manes, who had proclaimed himself the Paraclete, or Comforter, promised by Christ.

He at last went to Milan, and was attracted to the cathedral church by the eloquence of Ambrose. He here resolved to break away from the Manichean delusion, and seek in experience a knowledge of Christ.

The long struggle which now began in his soul is vividly pictured in his "Confessions." One day, overwhelmed with penitence, and thirsting to know the truth, he retired to a garden with his friend Alypius. His grief became so strong that he laid down the Epistles he had been studying, and left his friend to pray alone. He flung himself down under a fig-tree, and gave free course to his tears, and prayed:

"How long, O Lord? wilt Thou be angry forever? O, remember not against us our former iniquities. To-morrow and to-morrow! Why not now? Why is there not this hour an end to my sin?"

"Tolle lege—tolle lege!" The words stole

on the still air, as though a child were singing them in a neighboring house. He construed it as a voice from heaven to take up the Epistles again, and read. "So," he says, "I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting. I grasped the book, and opened, and read the paragraph on which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' Instantly, as the sentence ended, by a light, as it were, of security infused into my heart, all the gloom of doubt vanished away."

The prayer of St. Augustine, on reviewing this sudden and great change, is a strong analytical illustration of the nature of true conversion:

"O Lord, truly I am thy servant: Thou hast loosed my bonds. I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving. Let my heart and my tongue praise Thee, and let all my bones say, Lord, who is like unto Thee? Answer Thou me, and say unto my soul, I am thy

salvation. Who am I, and what is my nature? How evil have not my deeds been, or, if not my deeds, my words and my will! But Thou, O Lord, art good and merciful, and thy right hand had respect unto the profoundness of my death; and removed from the bottom of my heart that abyss of corruption. And this was the result, that I willed not to do what I willed; and willed to do what Thou willedst. How sweet did it suddenly become to me to be without the delight of trifles. What at one time I feared to lose, it was now a joy to me to put away. For Thou didst cast them away from me, Thou true and highest sweetness, and instead of them Thou didst enter in Thyself: sweeter than all pleasure, brighter than all light, more exalted than all honor."

It was Easter. The gardens were bursting into bloom, the mellow air drew out the populace into the streets, and the Christians joyfully wended their way to the church, to celebrate the resurrection of the Lord. The singing of hymns, which, under Ambrose, became a leading feature of worship, probably

served to make the anticipation of the service more delightful.

The soul of Ambrose, that day, seemed to glow. At the baptism it is said to have arisen to an unusual height of fervor, and the *Te Deum*, which is ascribed in the old English prayer books to Ambrose and Augustine, was, according to the church tradition, first sung, being used by the Bishop and the candidate as an antiphonal chant.

The convert, whose consecration was the marked event in Milan, on that April Sabbath, was to succeed Ambrose in influence in the early church, and was to stand between Paul and Luther in the succession of monumental reformers. His prayers are the best known of the early Christian teachers and preachers.

GOD ALL-IN-ALL.

“O Thou Good omnipotent, who so carest for every one of us, as if Thou caredst for him alone; and so for all, as if all were but one! Better and more certain is the life of the bodies than the bodies, but Thou art the

life of lives, having life in Thyself; and Thou changest not, O life of my soul! Blessed is the man who loveth Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy for Thee. For he only loses none dear to him, to whom all are dear, in Him who cannot be lost. And who is that but our God, the God that made heaven and earth, and filleth them, even by filling them creating them. None loseth but he who leaveth Thee. And who leaveth Thee, whither goeth or whither fleeth he, but from Thee pleased, to Thee displeased? For doth he not find thy law in his own punishment? And thy law is truth, and truth is Thyself.

“The Word itself calleth me to return to that place of rest where love is not forsaken, if it forsaketh not to love. I behold how some things pass away, that others may replace them, and so this lower universe be completed by all his parts. But Thou dost never depart, O God, my Father supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful! With Thee will I fix my dwelling, for now I am tired out with vanities. To Thee will I intrust whatsoever I have received from Thee, so shall I lose nothing; and my decay

shall bloom again, and all my diseases be healed. Thou madest me for Thyself, and my heart is restless until it repose in Thee.

THE DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

“Too late loved I Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! too late loved I Thee! And behold Thou wert within, and I abroad, and there I searched for Thee; plunging deformed amid those fair forms, which Thou hadst made. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which, unless they were in Thee, were not at all. Thou didst call, and shout, and burst my deafness. Thou didst flash, shine, and scatter my blindness. Thou didst breathe odors, and I drew in breath, and pant for Thee. I tasted, and I hunger and thirst for Thee. When I shall with my whole self cleave to Thee, I shall nowhere have sorrow, or labor; and my life shall wholly live, as wholly full of Thee. But because I am not full of Thee I am a burden to myself. Woe is me! Lord, have pity on me. My evil sorrows strive with my good joys; and on which side is the victory I know not.

Woe is me! Lord have mercy on me. Woe is me! lo! I hide not my wounds; Thou art the Physician, I the sick; Thou merciful, I miserable. And all my hope is in thy exceeding great mercy. Give what Thou enjoimest, and enjoin what Thou wilt. For too little doth he love Thee, who loves anything with Thee which he loveth not for Thee. O love, who ever burnest and never consumest! O charity, my God! Kindle me. Give me what Thou enjoimest, and enjoin what Thou wilt."

IX.

*DIES IRÆ.*THE PRAYER IN THE *DIES IRÆ.*

The *Dies Iræ*, one of the grandest hymn-tones of the church, justly held in veneration by all denominations of evangelical Christians, and often sung to the music of the greatest composers, is attributed to Thomas of Celano, of the thirteenth century. It forms a part of Mozart's Requiem, has been frequently translated from the original Latin, and a translation of three of the most impressive stanzas, by Sir Walter Scott, is found in most collections of hymns. Sir Walter Scott was heard quoting it on his death bed, as was the Earl of Roscommon, and Dr. Johnson used to quote it,

and weep at the vision that it brought before his mind. The following is an almost literal translation of the prayer which forms a large part of the poem :

(“ *Rex tremendæ Majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me fons pietatis.*”)

“ *King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!*

“ *Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Cost thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!*

“ *Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?*

“ *Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.*

*“ Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!*

*“ Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.*

*“ Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!*

*“ With thy favored sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.*

*“ While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.*

*“ Low, I kneel in heart submission,
See! like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.”*

X.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

This devout monk (1380 - 1471) has produced, in his "Imitation of Christ," a book of meditations, and prayers which has commended itself to the Catholic and Protestant church alike, and that does not lose its influence with time.

The following prayer from one of these meditations will indicate the spirit of this most notable book of devotion:

"Dearest Jesus, spouse of my soul, supreme source of light and love, and sovereign Lord of universal nature! O, that I had the wings of true liberty, that I might take my flight to Thee, and be at rest! When will it be granted

me, in silent and peaceful abstraction from all created being, to 'taste and see how good' Thou art, O Lord, my God! When shall I be fully absorbed in thy fullness? When shall I lose, in the love of Thee, all perception of myself; and have no sense of any being but thine?"

FOR CONTENTMENT IN CHRIST.

"O most lovely, and most loving Jesus! grant me the will and power, above all created beings, to rest in Thee: above all health and beauty, all glory and honor, all power and dignity, all knowledge and wisdom, all riches and all arts; above all promise and hope, all holy desires and actions, all gifts and graces which Thou thyself canst bestow, all rapture and transport which the heart is able to receive; above angels and archangels, and all the hosts of heaven; above all that is visible and invisible; and finally above everything, which Thou, my God, art not! For Thou, O Lord God! art above all, in all perfection! Thou art most high, most powerful, most sufficient, and most full! Thou art most sweet, and most abundantly comforting! Thou art most lovely, and most loving; most

noble and most glorious! In Thee all good centres, from eternity to eternity! Therefore, whatever Thou bestowest on me, that is not Thyself; whatever Thou revealest or promisest, while I am not permitted truly to behold and enjoy Thee, is insufficient to fill the boundless desires of my soul, which, stretching beyond all creatures, and even beyond all thy gifts, can only be satisfied in union with thy all-perfect spirit."

XI.

*GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.*GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
LUTZEN.

The devotions of Gustavus Adolphus before his last battle, which was fought at Lutzen in 1632, has been a favorite subject of the poet and historian.

Chapman, in his history of Gustavus Adolphus, presents a correct and impressive view of the devotional attitude of the beloved king.

The king, he says, passed the night before the battle in his carriage, in conversation with his generals. Early in the morning he had prayers read to him by his chaplain Fabricius. The rest of the army sang Luther's

hymn, "Our God is a Strong Tower." And Gustavus led in another hymn, "Jesus Christ, our Saviour, he Overcame Death."

The king mounted his horse without having broken his fast. He addressed the Swedes, then, after more introductory discourse, said very impressively, to the German regiments:

"Forward! I this day will be not only your general, but your comrade. Extort from the enemy, by God's help, that victory of which the chief fruit will be to you and your children. But if you shrink from the contest remember that religion and liberty and all will be lost by your remissness."

The king, in the presence of his army then looked up to heaven, and prayed:

"O, my Lord Jesus, Son of God! bless these our arms, and this day's battle, for thine own glory and holy name's sake."

The prayer was answered, but Gustavus Adolphus himself was slain. He died in the prime of life, and was wept not only by his own people, who loved him as a father, but by all Europe.

XII.

THE PRAYER OF KEPLER.

After preparing his' work on the harmony of worlds," the devout Kepler wrote the following prayer.

"I thank Thee, my Creator and Lord, that thou hast given me these joys in thy creation, this ecstasy over the works of thy hands.

"I have made known the glory of thy works to men as far as my finite spirit was able to comprehend thy infinity.

"If I have said anything wholly unworthy of Thee, or have aspired after my own glory, graciously forgive me."

The astronomical theories and computations of this humble and conscientious man, have proved the basis of the solution of some of the greatest discoveries of science. It was the tables of Kepler which led to the observation of the transit of Venus; a discovery which enables us to understand and compute the movements of the whole planetary system.

Few scenes in biography exhibit character in a more beautiful light than that of the conduct of Jeremiah Horrox on the Sabbath he expected to see Venus crossing the sun.

About the year 1635, there appeared in an obscure village, some fifteen miles from Liverpool, England, a young student remarkable for elevated tastes and devotion to scientific studies.

He was much esteemed for his religious dispositions, for the recitude of his intentions and for his stainless life.

The name of this young man was JEREMIAH HORROX. Always happier when under the warm influences of loving companionship, he had found a friend of congenial tastes in James Crabtree, a young Manchester gentleman, also an astron-

omer and enthusiast. The tables of Kepler, although somewhat inaccurate, indicated to these young astronomers the near approach of the transit of Venus. The indication greatly interested them. Should the event take place at the time foretold by the revised and corrected calculations of Kepler, it would verify the deductions of astronomical science, and furnish a means for calculating and solving some of the most stupendous problems ever presented to the human mind.

In the weary hours that other men devote to relaxation from toil, Horrox studied and ciphered, until he had himself wrought out and corrected the great tables of Kepler, and of himself, not only demonstrated the occurrence of the phenomenon, but fixed its very date. Having become satisfied with the exactness of his calculations, he communicated the result confidentially to his friend.

The transit of Venus had never been seen by mortal eyes. Could it be possible that this vision, withheld as it were from the very dawn of time, would be first disclosed to this boy astronomer?

Days, months, years passed. The memorable year at length came, and the memorable autumn, with its fading pomps and falling leaves. The memorable day itself arrived, and found the young astronomer watching — he alone watching among all the aspirants to knowledge that then peopled the earth! It was the Sabbath, a shining day in November (old style). In a dark room sat the trembling Horrox — now just past the age of twenty — his glass poised, and a white sheet of paper on which to receive the sun's image, spread out before him. Would the shadow of the planet ever darken that white sheet, unfolded to receive as it were a revelation from the very finger of the Infinite? The sun moves toward the zenith, the paper is still spotless; no pen comes writing from the far abysm of space! Suddenly a peal of music falls on the clear, cool November air. Horrox hears. It is the ringing of bells, calling the devout to their worship. Shall he leave the paper, and perhaps lose forever the great disclosure? Shall he allow the celestial messenger to write that grand message unread! He deliberates. The worship of the great Creator

may not be neglected, even to view the works that he has made, or the phenomena he has instituted.

With this pious thought, Horrox left the room, and repaired to the sanctuary. Here then, amid the many deceptions of mankind, do we find one soul whose principles were fundamental. We may doubt the correctness of his reasoning at that momentous hour, but we cannot withhold our admiration from the man.

When the church service had ended, he returned to his observatory, and once more bent over the sheet of paper.

As his eye fell upon the smooth white surface, he saw that the hand of the Invisible was writing! On the open sheet was a shadow; and, in that shadow, a new revelation of science to excite the wonder of the world.

We love to dwell on those moments of sublimity, that to the true worshippers of science repay the toils and sacrifices of a life. But in all our researches after gems from this

precious mine, we have never found anything more sublime than the young astronomer's own account of the event; especially the reason he gives for suspending his observations as he did. "I observed it," says he, "from sunrise till nine o'clock; again, a little before ten; and lastly at noon, and from one to two o'clock; the rest of the day being devoted to *higher duties* which one might not neglect for such pastimes."

The prayers of Kepler were answered.

XIII.

FRENCH PIETISTS.

PASCAL.

Blaise Pascal, a French philosopher and religious writer, a Port Royalist, and one of the most able defenders of experimental religion was born 1623 and died 1662. The height of his religious attainments often showed him the depth of his own sinfulness, and the measure of his unworthiness, and his mind was sometimes deeply depressed.

PERFECT REST IN THE WILL OF GOD.

“O Lord, take from me that sorrow which the love of self may produce from my sufferings, and from my unsuccessful hopes and

designs in this world, while regardless of thy glory; but create in me a sorrow resembling thine. Let me not henceforth desire health or life, except to spend them for Thee, with Thee, and in Thee. I pray not that Thou wouldst give me either health or sickness, life or death; but that Thou wouldst dispose of my health and my sickness, my life and my death, for thy glory, for my own eternal welfare, for the use of the church, for the benefit of the saints, of whose number, by thy grace, I hope to be. Thou alone knowest what is good for me; Thou art Lord of all; do, therefore, what seemeth Thee best. Give to me, or take from me; conform my will to thine! and grant that with humble and perfect submission, and in holy confidence, I may be disposed to receive the orders of thy eternal providence; and may equally adore every dispensation which will come to me from thy hand, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

MADAME GUYON.

This eminent Quietist was born at Montargis 1648. Her religious experiences, devotions and hymns are among the choicest treasures

of French religious literature. She was imprisoned in 1688, on account of her Protestant tendencies. She was again imprisoned in 1695 in the Castle of Vincennes, and afterwards in the Bastile. She was banished to Bois where she died in triumph in 1717.

The following is one of her prayers in the Bastile.

“I, being in the Bastile, said to Thee:

“*O my God! if Thou art pleased to render me a spectacle to men and angels, thy holy will be done! All I ask is, that Thou wilt be with and save those who love Thee; so that neither life nor death, neither principalities nor powers, may ever separate them from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ. As for me, what matters it what men think of me, or what they make me suffer, since they cannot separate me from that Saviour whose name is engraven in the very bottom of my heart? If I can only be accepted of Him, I am willing that all men should despise and hate me. Their strokes will polish what may be defective in me, so that I may be presented in peace to Him, for whom I*

die daily. Without his favor I am wretched. O Saviour! I present myself before Thee an offering, a sacrifice. Purify me in thy blood, that I may be accepted of Thee.'"

Madame Guyon thus speaks of the cause of her first imprisonment:

"I sometime since wrote a little book, as you perhaps know, entitled, *A Short and Easy Method of Prayer*. The publication of this was one of the alleged causes of my confinement in this place. Since I have been here, persons have been into my prison, and have put to me some formal interrogatories in relation to the book, and other matters. I have found some difficulty in answering; and have been obliged to say, or rather have found it best to say, what the Lord gave me to say at the time, without much deliberation. I have at some times, in the course of these interrogatories, been strongly inclined to answer nothing, *to be entirely silent*. I certainly have an example of such a proceeding, which it would not be discreditable to follow—that of our blessed Saviour, who, on being interrogated before Pilate, answered not a word. If I

should take the course of declining to answer the questions which may be put to me, I shall of course be regarded as entertaining erroneous opinions, and be denounced as heretical. And is even this to be regarded as among the greatest of evils? Was not our beloved Saviour looked upon and denounced in the same manner? Is it a hard matter to walk in his footsteps, and to suffer as he suffered? When I am thinking upon these things, I sometimes find my heart, in its perplexity, looking up and saying in the language of the Vulgate translation of the Bible.

*"Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam."
(Judge me, O God! and plead my cause.)*

The following hymn-prayer from one of her poems, presents a view of her frame of mind in persecutions and imprisonments:

*"Thou art my bliss! the light by which I move!
In Thee, O God! dwells all that I can love.
Where'er I turn, I see thy power and grace,
Which ever watch, and bless our heedless race.*

*"O! then, repeat the truth, that never tires;
No God is like the God my soul desires;*

*He, at whose voice heaven trembles, even He,
Great as He is, knows how to stoop to me.*

*“Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu!
I have no wish, no memory for you!
Rich in God’s love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having nought beside.”*

A MEDITATION.

*“O, the grace of God! O, the purity of God!
The goodness of God!*

*“Is it possible, my Beloved, that men can
love Thee, without experiencing consolation and
happiness in their love?*

*“To me every event is God; and whether it
be joyful or afflictive, I receive it with equal
gratitude, knowing that He will send me only
what I need.*

*“To me every object is God. I do not go
into distinctions, and say, this is mine, or that
is mine. But I say, God is mine; everything
belongs to God; and I have an inward con-
viction, which is better understood than expressed,
that in the possession of God I have all that
God has.”*

A MEDITATION.

“Have I not infinitely more than ‘an hundred-fold in this life,’ in so entire possession as Thou, my God, hast taken of me; in that unshaken firmness which Thou givest me in my sufferings, in that perfect tranquillity in the midst of a furious tempest, which assaults me on every side; in that unspeakable joy, enlargedness and liberty which I enjoy, at the very time of an imprisonment, rigorous and severe? I have no desire that my imprisonment should end before the right time. I love my chains. Everything is equal to me, as I have no will of my own, but purely the love and will of Him who possesses me. My senses, indeed, have not any relish for such things; but my heart is separated from them, and borne over them; and my perseverance is not of myself, but of Him who is my life; so that I can say with the Apostle, ‘It is no more I that live, but Jesus Christ that liveth in me.’ And if his life is in me, so my life is in Him. It is He in whom I live and move and have my being.”

FENELON.

Fenelon, one of the purest names and most

beautiful characters in French religious history, was born at Chateau de Fenelon, Perigord, 1651, and died at Cambrai, 1715.

Louis XIV. made him preceptor of his grandsons, the Dukes of Burgundy and Anjou. Embracing the views of Madame Guyon and the Quietists in respect to the inner life and its experiences, he lost favor with the court and ecclesiastical authority, but was given the bishopric of Cambrai, in the district provinces. Here he greatly endeared himself to the people by his strong sympathy with them, and by the beauty and simplicity of his character. On hearing of the burning of the Archbishop's Palace, containing his libraries and art treasures, he is said to have exclaimed: "Better all there, than the cottage of one poor peasant."

A PRAYER FOR MORNING.

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep me, through thy grace, this day without sin: and defend me, with all my dear relations, in the same, with thy mighty power, from running into any kind of danger, for the merits of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

FOR NOON.

“ O Lord, Heavenly Father, let thy faithfulness and truth preserve me from the arrow that flieth by day, and from the plague that destroyeth at noonday! But above all, from the plague of my own heart: And dispel the darkness that is in me by the light of thy heavenly doctrine, and keep me evermore in the true knowledge and love of Thee, and of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, my Sun and my Shield, till I arrive at the perfect light of eternity, where Thou art with Him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, and livest and reignest forever. Amen.”

FOR EVENING.

“ Lighten the darkness of my mind I beseech Thee, O Lord. And by thy great Mercy defend me with all my dear relatives and friends from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

— From Fenelon’s “Instructions for the Education of a Daughter.”

FOR DIVINE LOVE.

“O, my God and Father, Thou knowest better than I how much I love Thee. Thou knowest it as I cannot, for nothing is more completely hidden from me than the depths of my own heart. I desire to love Thee, and fear lest I should not love Thee as I ought. I ask of Thee an abundant and pure love. Thou seest this desire, for Thou hast implanted it in me; regard then the want which Thou beholdest in thy creature. O God, whose love to me is sufficient to inspire a boundless affection in return, look not upon the torrent of iniquity in which I was almost swallowed up, but rather on thy mercy.

“Lord, Thou art the God of nature; all things obey thy word. Thou art the soul of all being, and even of those things that as yet are not. Thine are all things, and shall not my heart be Thine, that heart which Thou hast formed, and dost keep in life? It is Thine, and no longer mine.

“But, O Lord, Thou art mine, for I love Thee. Thou art my all, my eternal Portion. I ask not earthly consolations, nor extraordinary gifts, nor

any of those blessings which, though they come from Thee, yet are not Thyself;—for Thee, Thee only do I hunger and thirst. Do with me as Thou wilt, I care not, since I love Thee.”

EVENING.

“ O Lord! watch over my spirit while I wake, and my body while I sleep, that I may sleep in peace and awake in Jesus. Pity my weakness. Send Thy holy angels, spirits of light, that they may keep far from me the spirit of evil that is ever around me. Grant that I may resist it with the courage of faith. Give penitence to sinners, perseverance to the just, and peace to the dead. Let my evening prayer rise to Thee, O Lord; and let thy blessing descend upon me.”

FENELON'S SUPREME DESIRE.

*“Living or dying, Lord, I would be Thine.
 O what is life?
 A toil, a strife,
 Were it not lighted by thy love divine.
 I ask not wealth,
 I crave not health.
 Living or dying, Lord, I would be Thine.”*

MASSILLON.

Jean Baptiste Massillon, master of French oratory, was born 1663. The descriptive powers and the impressiveness of his sermons made him a rival of Bourdaloue. After an advent sermon at Versailles, Louis XIV. once said to him :

“I have heard many great orators and have been satisfied with them; but when you spoke I was much dissatisfied with myself.”

A sermon of his on the small number of the elect at St. Eustache had so great an effect that the audience rose during the peroration, “as if looking for the trump of the archangel to sound.”

He preached the funeral oration of the Prince of Conti, of the Dauphin, and of Louis XIV.

His power of describing the evanescence of worldly glory seems to have been wonderful. At the funeral sermon of the king, who was styled Louis the Great, his first words amid all the pomp that surrounded the dead king, were “My brothers, God alone is great.”

A PRAYER OF MASSILLON.

“Great God! what then is man, thus to wrestle during his whole life, against himself, to wish to be happy without Thee, in spite of Thee, in declaring himself against Thee? To feel his wretchedness and yet to love it, to know his true happiness, and yet to fly from it? What is man, O my God, and who shall fathom his ways and the eternal contradiction of his errors? Delivered up to his own understanding, he is continually deceived, and nothing appears to his eyes but under fictitious colors; he but imperfectly knows Thee; he hardly knows himself; he comprehends nothing in all that surrounds him; he takes darkness for light; he wanders from error to error; he quits not his errors when he returns to himself. The lights alone of thy faith can direct his judgments, open the eyes of his soul, become the reason of his heart, teach him to know himself, lay open the folds of self-love, expose all the artifices of the passions, and exalt him to the spiritual man, who conceives and judges of all.

“O my God! I know only too well that the world and its pleasures make none happy!

Come, then, and resume Thine influence over a heart which in vain endeavors to fly from Thee; and which its own disgusts recall to Thee in spite of itself; come to be its Redeemer, its Peace, its Light, and pay more regard to its wretchedness than to its crimes. Amen."

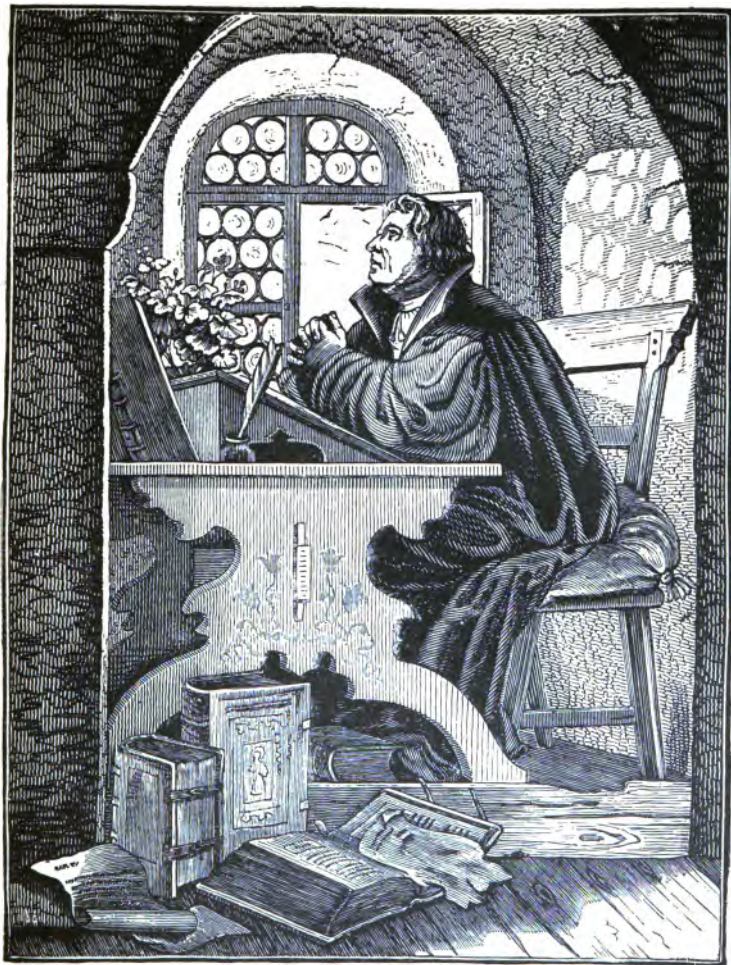
XIV.

MARTIN LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER'S PRAYER AT THE DIET OF
WORMS, AND PRAYER FOR THE LIFE OF
MELANCTHON. 1483-1546.

“We have overcome! we have overcome!”
exclaimed Luther, coming out of a retired
room where he had been engaged in prayer,
and standing with shining face and eyes lifted
heavenward, in the presence of his family.

It was the darkest period of the Reformation.
But immediately came the welcome tidings that
the Emperor Charles V. had issued a procla-
mation of religious toleration in Germany. This
unknown triumph of the cause seemed to have
been communicated to Luther in prayer.



LUTHER AT PRAYER.



The prayers of Luther are one of the strong features of his private life. One of the most remarkable of these is that when summoned before the Diet of Worms.

On entering that city, where a magnificent monument of the reformer now stands, more than two thousand persons accompanied him to his quarters. The peril of his situation excited the deepest sympathy of his friends, and called forth their most earnest prayers.

The diet was a most powerful and brilliant assembly, consisting of the emperor, princes and dignities of the church and state. Before it on April 18th, 1521, Luther made the world-renowned declaration: "Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise: God help me."

Says D'Aubigne: "On the morning of this seventeenth of April, he was for a few minutes in deep exercise of mind. God's face seemed to be veiled, and his faith forsook him; his enemies seemed to multiply before him, and his imagination was overcome by the aspect of his dangers.

"His soul was like a ship driven by a violent tempest, rocked from side to side, one

moment plunged in the abyss, and the next carried up to heaven.

“In that hour of bitter trial—when he drank of the cup of Christ—an hour which to him was as the garden of Gethsemane, he threw himself with his face upon the earth, and uttered those broken cries which we cannot understand, without entering in thought into the anguish of those deeps from whence they rose to God.

“O, God, Almighty God everlasting! how dreadful is the world! behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in Thee! . . . O! the weakness of the flesh and the power of Satan! If I am to depend upon any strength of this world—all is over. . . The knell is struck. . . Sentence is gone forth. . . O God! O God! O Thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of this world. Do this, I beseech Thee; Thou shouldst do this . . . by thy own mighty power. . . The work is not mine, but Thine. I have no business here. . . I have nothing to contend for with these great men of the world!

I would gladly pass my days in happiness and peace. But the cause is Thine, . . . and it is righteous and everlasting! O Lord! help me! O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not upon man. It were vain! Whatever is of man is tottering, whatever proceeds from him must fail. My God! my God! dost Thou not hear? My God! art Thou no longer living? Nay, Thou canst not die! Thou dost but hide Thyself. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it! Therefore, O God, accomplish Thine own will! Forsake me not, for the sake of thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold."

“After a moment of silent struggle, he continued:

“Lord—where art Thou? . . . My God, where art Thou? . . . Come! I pray Thee, I am ready. . . . Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth. . . . suffering like a lamb. For the cause is holy. It is Thine own! . . . I will not let Thee go! no, nor yet for all eternity! And though the world should

be thronged with devils — and this body which is the work of Thine hands, should be cast forth, trodden under foot, cut in pieces, consumed to ashes, my soul is Thine. Yes, I have Thine own word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to Thee, and will abide with Thee forever! Amen! O God send help! Amen!’

“This prayer discloses to us Luther and the Reformation. History here lifts the veil of the sanctuary, and discovers the secret source whence strength and courage descended to the humble and despised man, who was God’s instrument to set at liberty the soul and thought of man, and open a new age. Luther and the Reformation lie open before us. We discern their inmost springs. We see where their power lay. This effusion of a soul offering itself up in the cause of truth, is found in the collection of documents relative to the citation of Luther to Worms, under No. 16, of the safe-conducts and other papers of that nature. One of his friends doubtless heard it and preserved it. In our

judgment it is one of the noblest of historical documents." — D'Aubigne, "History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century."

A PRAYER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

"Almighty, eternal God! what a strange thing is this world! How doth it open wide the mouths of the people! How small and poor is the confidence of men toward God! How is the flesh so tender and weak, and the Devil so mighty and so busy through his apostles and the wise of this world! How soon do they withdraw the hand and whirl away and run the common path and the broad way to hell, where the godless belong. They look only upon that which is splendid and powerful, great and mighty, and which hath consideration. If I turn my eyes thither also it is all over with me; the bell is cast and judgment is pronounced. Ah God! Ah God! O Thou my God! Thou my God, stand Thou by me against the reason and wisdom of all the world. Do Thou so! Thou must do it. Thou alone. Behold, it is not my cause but Thine. For my own person I have nothing to do here be-

fore these great lords of the world. Gladly would I, too, have good quiet days and be unperplexed. But Thine is the cause, my Lord; it is just and eternal. Stand Thou by me, Thou true, eternal God! I confide in no man. It is to no purpose and in vain. Everything halteth that is fleshy, or that savoreth of flesh. O God! O God! Hearest Thou not, my God? Art Thou dead? No! Thou canst not die. Thou only hidest Thyself. Hast Thou chosen me for this end? I ask Thee. But I know for a surety that Thou hast chosen me. Ha! then may God direct it. For never did I think, in all my life, to be opposed to such great lords; neither have I intended it. Ha! God, then stand by me in the name of Jesus Christ, who shall be my shelter and my shield, yea! my firm tower, through the might and strengthening of thy Holy Spirit. Lord! where stayest Thou? Thou my God! where art Thou? Come, come! I am ready, even to lay down my life for this cause, patient as a little lamb. For just is the cause and Thine. So will I not separate myself from Thee forever. Be it determined in thy name. The

world shall not be able to face me against my conscience, though it were full of devils. And though my body, originally the work and creature of thy hands, go to destruction in this cause,—yea, though it be shattered in pieces—thy word and thy Spirit they are good to me still! It concerneth only the body. The soul is Thine, and belongeth to Thee, and shall also remain with Thee forever. Amen. God help me. Amen.—Hedge's "Prose Writers of Germany."

FOR MELANCTHON.

"When Luther arrived, he found Melancthon apparently dying. His eyes were dim, his understanding almost gone, his tongue faltering, his hearing imperfect, his countenance fallen, incapable of distinguishing anyone, and indisposed to all nourishment. At such a sight Luther was in the most terrible consternation, and, turning to those who had accompanied him in his journey, exclaimed, 'Alas! that the devil should have thus unstrung so fine an instrument.'

Then, in a supplicating posture, he devoutly prayed:

“ *We implore Thee, O Lord our God, we cast all our burdens on Thee, and WILL CRY TILL THOU HEAREST US, pleading all the promises which can be found in the Holy Scriptures respecting thy hearing prayer, so that THOU MUST INDEED HEAR US to preserve at all future periods our entire confidence in Thine own promises.*’

“After this he seized hold of Melancthon’s hand, and, well knowing the extreme anxiety of his mind, and the troubled state of his conscience, said, ‘Be of good courage, Philip, YOU SHALL NOT DIE: although God has always a sufficient reason for removing us hence, he willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live;—it is his delight to impart life, not to inflict death. God has received into his favor the greatest sinners that ever existed in the world, namely: Adam and Eve; much more will he not cast thee off, my dear Philip, or permit thee to perish in grief and guilt. Do not therefore, give way to this miserable dejection and destroy thyself, but trust in the Lord who

can remove it, and impart new life.' While he thus spake, Melancthon began visibly to revive, as though his spirit came again, and was shortly restored to his usual health." — "Life of Melancthon." F. A. Cox, A. M. London and Edinburgh. 1815.

XV.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH HISTORY.

KNOX'S PRAYERS FOR SCOTLAND.

John Knox, the iron-willed Scottish reformer, was born 1505 and died 1572.

He made the pulpit of St. Andrew more powerful than the throne, and Queen Mary is said to have declared that she feared the prayers of Knox more than an army. His prayer at one time was:

"Lord, give me Scotland, or I die."

One night, in the days of his bitterest persecution, while he and his friends were praying together, John Knox suddenly exclaimed,

that deliverance was come! The triumph of the cause had been communicated to him in prayer. The time of this assurance was the exact time that the fall of Queen Mary took place, and with it the overthrow of the persecuting power.

FOR THE KINGDOM.

“ Omnipotent and everlasting God, father of our Lord Jesus Chryste, who, by thy eternal providence, disposeth kingdoms as best seemeth to thy wisdom, we acknowledge and confesse thy judgmentis to be righteous, in that Thou hast taken from us, for our ingratitude, and for abusinge of thy most holy word, our native king, and earthly comforter.

“ Justly may Thou poure fourth upon us the uttermost of thy plagues; for that we have not knowen the dayes and times of our merciful visitacion.

“ We have contempned thy word, and despised thy mercies. We have trangressed thy lawes: for deceitfully have we wrought everie man with our neighbors; oppression and violence have we not abhorred; charitie hath not

*appeared among us, as our profession requir-
eth.*

*“ We have little regarded the voices of thy
prophets; thy threatnings we have esteemed
vanitie and wynd: so that in us, as of ourselfis,
restis nothing worthy of thy mercies.*

*“ For all are found fruitless, even the princes
with the prophets withered trees, apt and mete
as to be burnt in the fyre of thy eternal
displeasure.*

*“ But, O Lord, behold thy own mercy and
goodness, that Thou may purdge and remove
the most filthy burden of our most horrible
offences. Let thy love overcome the severitie
of thy judgmentis, even as it did in geving
to the world thy onely Sonne Jesus when all
mankynde was lost, and no obedience was left
in Adam nor in his sede. Regenerate our
hartes, O Lord, by the strength of the Holy
Ghøste. Convert Thou us, and we shall be
converted. Work Thou in us unfeigned repen-
tance, and move Thou our hartes to obey thy
holy lawes.*

*“ Behold our troubles and apparent destruction;
and stay the sword of thy vengeance, before*

it devoure us. Place above us, O Lord, for thy great mercies' sake, such a head, with such rulers and magistrates, as feareth thy name, and willethe the glory of Christ Jesus to spread.

“Take not from us the light of thy evangely, and suffer Thou no papistrie to prevail in this realme.

“Illuminate the harte of our soveraigne lady, Quene Marie, with prignant gifts of thy Holy Ghoste. And inflame the hartes of her counsail with thy trew fear and love.

“Represse Thou the pryde of those that wolde rebelle. And remove from all hartes the contempte of the worde.

“Let not our enemies rejoyce at our destruction; but loke Thou to the honour of thy own name, O Lord, and let thy gospel be preached with boldness, in this realme. If thy justice must punish, then punish our bodies with the rodde of thy mercy. But, O Lord, let us never revolt nor turn back to idolatrie agayne.

“Mytigate the hartes of those that persecute us, and let us not faynte under the crosse of

our Saviour; but assist us with the Holy Ghoste, even to the end."

[The confession, or prayer, composed by Knox, after the death of Edward VI., and the accession of Mary.]—M'Crie's "Life of John Knox," in the notes. From Knox's "Treatise on Prayer," 1554.

THE PRAYERS AND LITURGIES OF EDWARD VI.

Edward VI., called the Josiah of English history, came to the throne at the age of nine years. He was born in 1537, and was remarkable for his early attainments and piety. He grew up under the influence of Cranmer, and the early Protestant reformers.

It was in his reign that the compilation of ancient prayers and rituals, now known as the English Prayer Book, had its origin.

He died on the 6th of July, 1553, of consumption, at the early age of sixteen.

His life was a rare combination of virtues, amiable dispositions and Christian graces. His religious faith seemed to take heavenly wings, when his decaying life at last reached its last exhaustion.

His last prayer was noted down by his physician, Dr. Owen. It was as follows :

“ O Lord God! free me, I beseech Thee, out of this miserable and calamitous life. Receive me among the number of Thine elect, if so it be thy pleasure. Although not mine, but thy will be done. To Thee, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Thou knowest how happy I shall be, if I may live with Thee in heaven. Yet I would I might live and be well for Thine elect's sake, that I might faithfully serve Thee. O Lord God! bless thy people, and save Thine inheritance. O, save thy people of England, defend this kingdom from popery, and preserve thy true religion in it, that I and my people may bless thy most holy name, through thy Son Jesus Christ.”

After this prayer he opened his eyes, and saw his physician. “Are you there?” he said. “I had not thought you had been so near. I was making my prayer to God.”

A short pause ensued, when he suddenly said :

“I faint: Lord! have mercy on me—receive my soul!”

With these words on his lips he expired.

The following prayers from the Liturgies of Edward VI., will show the Christian spirit of this reign:

FOR GENTLEMEN.

“Albeit whatsoever is born of flesh is flesh, and all that we receive of our natural parents is earth, dust and ashes, and corruption, so that no child of Adam hath any cause to boast himself of his birth and blood, seeing we have all one flesh and one blood, begotten in sin, conceived in uncleanness, and born by nature the children of wrath; yet, forasmuch, as some by their wisdom, godliness, virtue, valiantness, strength, eloquence, learning and polioy, be advanced above the common sort of people unto dignities and temporal promotions, as men worthy to have superiority in a Christian commonwealth, and by this means have obtained among the people a more noble and worthy name; we most earnestly beseech Thee, from whom alone cometh the true nobility, to so

many as are born of Thee and made thy sons through faith, whether they be rich or poor, noble or un noble, to give a good spirit to our superiors, that, as they be called gentlemen in name, so they may show themselves in all their doings, gentle, courteous, loving, pitiful, and liberal unto their inferiors; living among them as natural fathers among their children, not polling, pilling, and oppressing them; but favoring, helping and cherishing them; not destroyers, but fathers of the commonalty; not enemies to the poor, but aiders, helpers and comforters of them; that when Thou shalt call them from this vale of wretchedness, they afore showing gentleness to the common people, may receive gentleness again at thy merciful hand, even everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

FOR LANDLORDS.

"The earth is Thine, O Lord, and all that is contained therein; notwithstanding Thou hast given the possession thereof unto the children of men. We heartily pray Thee to send thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that

possess the grounds, pastures, and dwelling-places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be thy tenants, may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands: nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes, after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out to others, that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents, and also honestly to live, to nourish their families, and to relieve the poor; give them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling-place, but seeking one to come; that they, remembering the short continuance of their life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others, but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting dwelling-places, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

LADY JANE GREY IN PRISON.

Lady Jane Grey was born 1537, and was

beheaded in London Tower in 1554. She was admired for her great personal worth, her varied accomplishments, and exemplary piety. At the age of fifteen she wrote Greek, Latin, Italian and French, and had a knowledge of other languages. Her acceptance of the crown, offered her by unpopular political leaders, led to her imprisonment and execution, though she was wholly innocent of any offence except her enforced position in the affairs of State.

She accepted the crown with reluctance, yielding to the entreaties of her husband and friends.

The following prayer was composed a short time before her execution :

IN PRISON.

“ O Lord, Thou God and Father of my life, hear me, a poor and desolate woman who takes refuge with Thee only, in all troubles and miseries! Thou, O Lord, art the only defender and deliverer of those who put their trust in Thee; and therefore I, being defiled with sin, encumbered with affliction, and disquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with

miseries, vexed with temptations, and grievously tormented with the long imprisonment of this vile mass of clay, my sinful body, do come unto Thee, O merciful Saviour, craving thy mercy and help, without which so little hope of deliverance is left, that I may utterly despair.

“Albeit it is expedient that, seeing our life is full of trials, we should be visited with some adversity, whereby we might be tried whether we are of thy flock or not, and also know Thee and ourselves the better; yet Thou that saidst Thou wouldst not suffer us to be tempted above our power, be merciful unto me now, miserable wretch; I beseech Thee, and with Solomon do cry unto Thee! humbly desiring that I may neither be too much puffed up with prosperity, nor be too much pressed down with adversity; lest I, being full, should deny Thee my God; a being brought too low, should despair, and blaspheme Thee, my Lord and Saviour.

“O merciful God, consider my misery, best known unto Thee; and be Thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat

Thee. Suffer me not to be tempted above my power; but either be Thou a deliverer unto me out of this great misery, or else give me grace patiently to bear thy heavy hand and sharp correction. It was thy right hand that delivered the people Israel out of the hands of Pharaoh, who for the space of four hundred years did oppress them and keep them in bondage. Let it, therefore, likewise seem good to thy fatherly goodness to deliver me, sorrowful wretch (for whom thy Son Christ shed his precious blood on the cross), out of this miserable captivity and bondage wherein I now am.

“How long wilt Thou be absent? forever? O Lord, hast Thou forgotten to be gracious, and hast Thou shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure? Wilt Thou be no more entreated? Is thy mercy gone forever, and thy promises come utterly to an end, forevermore? Why dost Thou make so long tarrying? Shall I despair of thy mercy, O God? Far be that from me. I am thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus; give me grace, therefore, to await thy leisure, and patiently to bear what Thou doest unto me; assuredly knowing that as Thou

canst, so Thou wilt deliver me when it shall please Thee, nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness towards me; for Thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things- what Thou wilt, and visit me with affliction in what way Thou wilt; only, in the meantime arm me, I beseech Thee, with thy armor, that I may stand fast; my loins being girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all things, taking to me the shield of faith, wherewith I may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and taking the helmet of Salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is thy most holy word; praying always, with all manner of prayer and supplication, that I may refer myself wholly to thy will, abiding thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please Thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me; and seeing I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest cannot be but well. Hear me, O merciful Father! for His sake whom Thou would'st should be a sacrifice for my

sins; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honor and glory. Amen.—Lady Jane Grey. 1553.

THE PRAYERS OF LATIMER FOR ENGLAND.

Hugh Latimer, Protestant reformer, preacher to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., was born in 1470, and was burned at the stake, at Oxford, Oct. 16, 1555, in the place where the martyrs' monument now stands.

He was imprisoned under Queen Mary. In his confinement he spent much of his time in supplication to God for the English people.

Fox says of him, in his imprisonment:

“In prayer he was frequently occupied, wherein oftentimes so long he continued kneeling, as to be unable to rise without help; and, among other things, there were three principal matters that he prayed for:

“1st. That, as God appointed him to be a preacher of his word, so also he would give him grace to stand to his doctrine unto death, that he might give his heart blood for the same.

“2d. That God, of his mercy, would restore

his Gospel to England once again; and these words, 'once again,' 'once again,' he did so inculcate and beat into the ears of the Lord, as though he had seen God before him, and spoken to Him face to face.

"3d. The third principal matter was to pray for the preservation of her Queen's Majesty that now is (Queen Elizabeth), whom in his prayers he was wont to name, and even with tears desired God to make her a comfort to England."

His prayers were answered.

At the stake he said triumphantly to Ridley, who suffered with him: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall, this day, light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

THE LAST PRAYERS OF RIDLEY.

Ridley, martyred with Latimer, 1555, gave evidence of how completely the spirit may triumph over the bodily powers.

Standing upon the stone at the stake, he prayed:

“ O heavenly Father, I give unto Thee most hearty thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even unto death. I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy on this realm of England, and deliver the same from her enemies.”

When he saw the flame rising, he prayed:

“ In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, Domine, recipe spiritum meum.”

A PRAYER OF RIDLEY FOR SPIRITUAL
ILLUMINATION.

“ O heavenly Father, the author and fountain of all truth, the bottomless sea of all understanding, send down, we beseech Thee, thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, and lighten our understandings with the beams of thy heavenly grace. We ask this, O merciful Father, not in respect of our deserts, but for thy dear Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.”

“ O heavenly Father, the Father of all wisdom, understanding, and true strength, I beseech Thee, for thy only Son, our Saviour Christ's sake, look mercifully upon me, wretched

creature, and send thy Holy Spirit into my breast, that not only I may understand according to thy wisdom, how this pestilent and deadly dart is to be borne off, and with what answer it is to be beaten back, but also when I must join to fight in the field for the glory of thy holy name, that then I, being strengthened with the defence of thy right hand, may manfully stand in the confession of thy faith, and of thy truth, and continue in the same unto the end of my life, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. — Fox's "Book of Martyrs." [Prayer of Dr. Ridley when in conference with Mr. Latimer, for strength to answer.]

BISHOP HOOPER'S PRAYER.

Bishop Hooper, one of England's choicest ministers, in the days of persecution, was born 1495, and was executed under Queen Mary, Feb. 9th, 1555. His last prayer was that of Stephen :

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

"Lord, I am hell, but Thou art heaven; I

am a sink of sin, but Thou art a gracious God, and a merciful Redeemer.

“Have mercy, therefore, upon me, a most miserable and wretched offender, after thy great mercy, and according to Thine inestimable goodness. Thou art ascended into heaven; receive me hence to be a partaker of thy joys, where Thou sittest in equal glory with thy Father. For well knowest Thou, Lord, wherefore I am come hither to suffer, and why the wicked do persecute this thy poor servant; not for my sins and transgressions committed against Thee, but because I will not allow their wicked doings, to the contaminating of thy blood, and to the denial of the knowledge of thy truth, wherewith it did please Thee, by thy Holy Spirit, to instruct me: which, with as much diligence as a poor wretch might (being thereto called) I have set forth to thy glory.

“And well seest Thou, my Lord and God, what terrible pains and cruel torments are prepared for thy creature; such, Lord, as, without thy strength, none is able to bear, or patiently to pass. But all things that are impossible with man, are possible with Thee. There-

fore, strengthen me of thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience; or else assuage the terror of the pains, as shall seem most to thy glory."

QUEEN KATHARINE PARR.

Katharine Parr, the first Protestant queen of England, and the only consort of Henry VIII. who was fully in sympathy with the Reformation, was not only accustomed to seek God in private devotion, amid the perilous events of her life and reign, but to compose prayers on notable occasions.

Previous to his expedition into France against the French king, in 1544, Henry VIII. testified his confidence in the wisdom and discretion of Katharine, by appointing her to govern the realm in his absence, under the title of queen regent. Several queen consorts of England have exercised vice-regal power, but Katharine Parr was the first and only one upon whom the title was regularly and solemnly conferred, and who reigned herself as such, *Katharine, the Queen Regent.*

In view of the responsibilities of her new

office, she composed the following prayer for her husband and the success of the English negotiations and arms:

“ O, Almighty God, and Lord of hosts; which by thy angels thereunto appointed doth minister both war and peace, who didst give unto David both courage and strength, being but a little one, unversed and inexpert in the feats of war, with his sling to set upon and overthrow the great huge Goliath, our cause now being just, and being enforced to enter into war and battail, we most humbly beseech Thee, O Lord God of hosts, so to turn the hearts of our enemies to the desire of peace, that no Christian blood be spilt.

“ Or else grant, O Lord, that with small effusion of blood, and little damage of innocents, we may to thy glory obtain victory, and that the wars being soon ended, we may all with one heart and mind, knit together in concord and unity, laud and praise Thee, who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.”

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYERS FOR ENGLAND.

The conduct of Queen Elizabeth, in defend-

ing her realm against the invincible Armada and threatened Spanish invasion, was truly noble; and the day on which she went, in martial pomp, to visit her soldiers, in the loyal camp at Tilbury, is justly regarded the most interesting in her life.

During the dreadful interval between the sailing of the Spanish fleet and its appearance in the English Channel, Queen Elizabeth, in imitation, perhaps, of her royal step-mother, Katharine Parr, composed the following prayer for the use of the church of England:

“ We do instantly beseech Thee, of thy gracious goodness, to be merciful to the church militant here upon earth, and at this time compassed about with most strong and subtile adversaries. O, let Thine enemies know that Thou hast received England, which they, most of all for thy gospel’s sake do malign, into Thine own protection. Set a wall about it, O Lord, and evermore mightily defend it. Let it be a comfort to the afflicted, a help to the oppressed, and a defence to thy church and people, persecuted abroad. And, forasmuch as this cause

is now in hand, direct and go before our armies, both by sea and land.

“Bless them and prosper them, and grant unto them thy honorable success and victory. Thou art our help and shield: O give good and prosperous success to all those who fight this battle against the enemies of thy gospel.”

This prayer was read twice a week in all the churches.

God fought the battle for the English realm: the winds were His fleets and the sea His battalions; the Armada was dispersed by the arm of the storm, and, in commemoration of the victory, England stamped on her arms the legend: *“Venit, vidit, fugit.”*

The following personal prayer of Queen Elizabeth was composed in 1574:

“Stretch forth, O Lord most mightie, thy right hand over me, and defend me from mine enemys, that they never prevayle against me. Give me, O Lord, the assistance of thy Spiritt, and comfort of thy grace, truly to know Thee, intirely to love Thee, and assuredly to trust in

Thee. And as I do acknowledge to have received the government of this Church and Kingdom at thy hand, and to hold the same of Thee, so grant me grace, O Lord, that in the end I may render up and present the same unto Thee, a peaceable, quiett, and well-ordered State and Kingdome, as also a perfect reformed Church, to the furtherance of thy glory. And to my subjects, O Lord God, grant, I beseech Thee, faithful and obedient hearts, willing to submit themselves to the obedience of thy word and commandments, that we altogether being thankfull unto Thee for thy benefitts received, may laud and magnifie thy Holy name world without end. Grant this, O merciful Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen."

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The religious character of Queen Mary has been much analyzed by the historian, and it seems to have been rather a development of her Catholic education, than a sincere desire to serve God in a well-ordered private and public life. But when her heart-idols

were all broken, and neither passion nor pomp, nor Church nor State, could do for her anything more, she turned to God with a sincere desire for the consolations of religion, though this desire may have been prompted by her environments and the helplessness of her situation, rather than by the first choice of her heart.

Says our historian, of her last hours:

“This important night, the last of Mary’s life, she divided into three parts. The arrangement of her domestic affairs, the writing of her will, and of three letters, to her confessor, her cousin of Guise, and the King of France, occupied the first and longer portion. The second she gave to exercises of devotion. In the retirement of her closet, with her two maids, Jane Kennedy and Elspeth Curle, she prayed and read alternately; and sought for support and consolation in the lecture of the passion of Christ, and of the sermon on the death of the penitent thief. About four she retired to rest; but it was observed that she did not sleep. Her lips were in constant motion, and her mind seemed absorbed in

prayer." — Lingard's "History of England."
[Time of Elizabeth.]

PRAYER COMPOSED BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
JUST BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

*“ O, Domine Deus
Speravi in Te:
O, care mi Jesu,
Nunc libera me.
In dura catena,
In misera poena,
Desidero Te,
Languendo, gemendo
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro
Imploro,
Ut liberares me.”*

PRAYER OF SIR FRANCIS BACON AFTER HIS FALL.

Francis Bacon, viscount of St. Albans, was the most accomplished man of his times, and one of the most erudite men of any age. His name rose like a star, and it still is a luminary, though of bedimmed splendor.

He was a scholar, a wit, a judge, a states-

man and a philosopher. He entered the University of Cambridge at the age of thirteen, and, when sixteen years of age, he wrote a thesis against Grecian philosophy. He was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth. The fame of his accomplishments was the pride of the English people. He was made Lord High Chancellor of England.

At the height of his fame he suddenly fell. His pride led him to assume a style of living beyond his means; and, to meet his princely expenses, he accepted bribes in the administration of law. He was accused, was tried before the House of Lords, and acknowledged his guilt with deep contrition and humility.

One of the Lords, at the trial, said: "Is this confession yours?"

"It is my act," said the fallen statesman, "my hand, my heart! O, my Lords, spare a broken reed!"

His penitence did not save him. He was deposed from his high office, fined, and sent to the Tower.

His works of genius no misconduct could efface.

The following prayer—a composition greatly admired by Addison—was written after his accusation, at a time when he believed himself to be about to die.

“Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father, from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou (O Lord) soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; Thou knowedgest the upright of heart, Thou judgest the hypocrite, Thou ponderest men’s thoughts and doings as in a balance, Thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee.

“Remember (O Lord) how thy servant hath walked before Thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in mine intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy Church I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary.

“This vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee that it might have the first and the latter rain: and that it might stretch her branches

to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart: I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been mine enemies, I thought not of them; neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought therein the courts, fields and gardens, but I have found Thee in thy temples.

“Thousand have been my sins, and ten thousand my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thy altar. O Lord, my strength, I have since my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence.

“As thy favors have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; as Thou hast been always near me, O Lord; and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from

Thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee.

“And now, when I thought most of peace and honor, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me, according to thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea to the sea, earth, heavens? and all these are nothing to thy mercies.

“Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before Thee, that I am debtor to Thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exchangers, where it might have made best profit; but misspent it in things for which I was least fit; so as I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me (O Lord) for my Saviour’s sake, and receive me into thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways.”

XVI.

BISHOP ANDREWS' DEVOTIONS.

The Rt. Honorable and Rt. Reverend Lancelot Andrews, D.D., Lord Bishop of Winchester, was born A.D. 1555, in the parish of Allhallows, London, and was the ecclesiastical light of the age in which he lived, though his theological works are now almost forgotten, and only his prayers have survived his commanding influence and reputation. He died in 1626.

Of his habits of devotion, Bishop Buckridge thus speaks, in his funeral sermon:

“Of this reverend prelate I may say, his life was a life of prayer. A part of five hours every day did he spend in prayer and

devotion to God. In the time of his fever and last sickness, besides the often prayers which were read to him, he continually prayed to himself, though he seemed otherwise to rest or to slumber. And when he could pray no longer with his voice, yet, by lifting up his eyes and hands, he prayed still; and, when both voice, and eyes and hands failed in their office, he still prayed with his heart, till it pleased God to receive his soul to himself."

Bishop Andrews' Devotions in Greek and Latin were published in Oxford in 1675. Various translations have since been issued.

Milton's sonnet on Bishop Andrews shows the lofty estimate the poet entertained of his religious character.

The following is Bishop Andrews' Horology:

*"O Thou, that hast put in Thine Own Power
the times and the seasons,
give us grace that we may pray to Thee
in a convenient and opportune season,
and deliver us.*

*“ Thou, that for us men and for our salvation,
wast born in the depth of night,
grant us to be renewed daily by the Holy Ghost
until Christ Himself be formed in us,
to a perfect man ;
and deliver us.*

*“ Thou, that very early in the morning,
at the rising of the sun,
didst rise again from the dead,
raise us also daily to newness of life.
suggesting to us, for Thou knowest them,
methods of penitence ;
and deliver us.*

*“ Thou, that at the third hour didst send down
thy Holy Ghost
on the Apostles,
take not that same Holy Spirit from us,
but renew Him every day in our hearts ;
and deliver us.*

*“ Thou, that at the sixth hour of the sixth day
didst nail together with thyself on the Cross
the sins of the world,*

*blot out the handwriting of our sins
that is against us,
and, taking it away, deliver us.*

*“Thou, that at the sixth hour didst let down
a great sheet from heaven to earth,
the symbol of thy Church,
receive into it us sinners of the Gentiles,
and with it receive us into heaven ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that at the ninth hour for us sinners,
and for our sins,
didst taste of death,
mortify our members which are upon earth,
and whatsoever is contrary to thy will ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that didst will the ninth hour to be
the hour of prayer,
hear us while we pray at the hour of prayer,
and grant unto us that which we pray for and desire ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that at eventide wast pleased to be taken down
from the Cross,*

*and laid in the grave,
take away from us, and bury in thy sepulchre,
our sins ;
covering whatever evil we have committed
with good works ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that late in the night, by breathing
on Thine Apostles,
didst bestow on them the power
of the remission and retention of sins,
give unto us to experience that power
for their remission, O Lord, not for their retention ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that at midnight didst raise David thy
Prophet,
and Paul Thine Apostle, that they should praise
Thee,
give us also songs in the night,
and to be mindful of Thee upon our beds ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that with Thine own mouth hast declared,
at midnight the bridegroom shall come,
grant that the cry may ever sound in our ears,*

'Behold! the bridegroom cometh!'
that we may never be unprepared to go forth
and meet Him;
and deliver us.

⁹ Thou, that by the crowing of the cock didst
admonish Thine Apostle,
and didst cause him to return to repentance,
grant that we, at the same warning, may follow
his example, —
may go forth and weep bitterly,
for the things in which we have sinned against Thee;
and deliver us.

"Thou, that at the seventh hour didst command the
fever to leave the nobleman's son,
if there be any fever in our hearts,
if any sickness, remove it from us also;
and deliver us.

"Thou, that at the tenth hour didst grant unto
Thine Apostle
to discover thy Son,
and to cry out with great gladness we have found
the Messiah,

*grant unto us also, in like manner, to find the
same Messiah,
and having found Him, to rejoice in like manner;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that didst, even at the eleventh hour of the
day,
of thy goodness send unto thy vineyard
those that stood all the day idle,
promising them a reward,
give us the like grace,
and though it be late, even as it were
about the eleventh hour,
favorably receive us who return unto Thee :
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that at the sacred hour of the Supper,
wert pleased to institute
the mysteries of thy Body and Blood,
render us mindful, and partakers of the same,
yet never to condemnation, but to the remission of
sin, and to the acquiring the promise
of the New Testament ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that hast foretold thy coming to judgment
in a day when we think not, and in an hour
when we are not aware,
grant that every day and every hour
we may be prepared, and waiting thy advent ;
and deliver us.*

*“Thou, that sendest forth the light, and
createst the morning,
and makest thy sun to rise upon the evil
and the good,
illuminate the blindness of our minds by the
knowledge of truth,
lift Thou up the light of thy countenance upon us,
that in thy light we may see light,
and at length in the light of Grace the light of Glory.*

*“Thou, that givest food to all flesh,
that feedest the young ravens when they call
upon Thee,
and hast led us from our youth up until now,
fill our hearts with food and gladness,
and stablish our souls by thy grace.*

*“Thou, that hast made the evening the end
of the day,*

*so that Thou mightest bring the evening of life
to our minds,
grant us always to reflect
that our life passeth away like a day :
to remember the days of darkness,
that they are many ;
that the night cometh
wherein no man can work ;
by good works to prevent the darkness,
lest we be cast out into outer darkness ;
and continually to cry unto Thee.*

*“ Tarry with us, O Lord,
for it draweth towards evening, and the day of
our life is now far spent.
The work of the Creator is justice ;
of the Redeemer, pity ;
of the Holy Ghost, holy inspiration ;
(who is) the other Comforter ;
the Unction ;
the Seal ;
the Earnest.”*

XVII.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH WORTHIES.

BEFORE BATTLE.

Warburton, in "Rupert and the Cavaliers," thus gives the history of a short, beautiful and very striking prayer.

"Sir Jacob Astley, Major General of the (royal) army, under the Earl of Lindsey, before the charge of the battle of Edgehill, made a most excellent, pious, short and soldierly prayer; for he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, saying:

"O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day: if I forget Thee do not Thou forget me."

“And with that he rose up, crying out, ‘March on, boys!’”

GEORGE WISHART.

George Wishart, an eloquent defender of the reformed faith in Scotland, was one of the victims of the persecution of Cardinal Beaton.

He was burned near the castle of St. Andrew. The Cardinal witnessed the scene from the top of the castle, where he appeared in much pomp.

“Seest thou yon Cardinal on the wall?” said Wishart. “In less than a year he will lie there in as much ignominy as he now does in pomp and pride,” or words to this import.

In less than a year the Cardinal was murdered, and his dead body was dragged into the same position, on the wall he had occupied during the burning of George Wishart.

His prayer at his trial was very impressive.

“After this,” said an old writer of the trial “they condemned him to be burnt as a heretic, paying no regard to his defences, nor to

the emotions of their own consciences. Upon this resolution, Mr. Wishart kneeled down, and prayed in the following manner :

“ O immortal God, how long wilt Thou suffer the rage of the ungodly? How long shall they exercise their fury upon thy servants, who further thy word in this world, seeing they desire to choke and destroy thy true doctrine and verity, by which Thou hast shewed thyself unto the world, which was drowned in blindness and ignorance of thy name? O Lord we know surely that thy true servants must suffer for thy name's sake, both persecution, affliction and troubles, in this present life, which is but a shadow, as thy prophets and apostles have showed us; but yet we desire Thee, merciful Father, that Thou wouldst preserve, defend, and help thy congregation, which Thou hast chosen from before the foundation of the world, and give them thy grace to hear thy word, and to be thy servants in this present life.’

“ After being bound to the stake he prayed :

“ O Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me.

“*Father in heaven, I commend my spirit into thy hands.*” [March 1, 1546.]

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

The writings of this eminent Scotch minister and holy man still remain gemmed with rare perceptions of spiritual beauty. Samuel Rutherford, one of the leading scholars of the Scotch reformation, was a man of large mental endowments and rich religious experiences; and was made, when very young, the Professor of Philosophy in Edinburgh University. He was called to be a minister at Anworth, where he built up a highly spiritual church, the fame and influence of which filled the country. He was persecuted for his writings in defence of the cause of the Covenanters. In 1638 he was made Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews', Glasgow. On the death of Dematias, he was invited by the magistrates of Utrecht, to the chair of Divinity, in the University in that place, which position he declined.

“I had rather be in Scotland,” he said “than in any Eden or garden on the earth.”

About the year 1661 he fell under great

afflictions. His health became impaired; the restoration of Charles II. had caused his writings on political principles to be publicly condemned, and he was summoned to answer before the authorities, to the charge of high treason. When the summons came, he is said to have answered:

“Tell them I have got a summons already, before a superior judge and judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons.”

His expressions while “waiting for the king,” as he called death, were triumphant:

“I shall shine! I shall see him as he is! I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him. Let my Lord’s name be exalted, and, if he will, let my name be ground to powder, that he may be all in all.”

One of the unfrequently quoted passages of Scripture was his frequent prayer. It was Jer. xv. 16. It expressed his experience:

“Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts.”

One said to him, "What think ye now of Christ?"

"To which he answered, "I shall live and adore Him. Glory, glory to my Creator and my Redeemer, forever. Glory shines in Immanuel's land."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Jeremy Taylor, one of the most eloquent and imaginative divines of the early English church, chaplain to Charles I. was born in 1613 and died 1667.

His works are religious pastorals; he has been called the Shakespeare and the Spencer of religious literature, and the finest ornament of the English church. His "Holy Living and Dying" is one of the most beautiful specimens of English literature.

Jeremy Taylor composed numerous prayers, which appear in his works, especially in his "Holy Living and Dying," which is a work of meditations and devotions. They abound in subtle analysis, impressive imagery, and conscientious aspiration.

The following prayer will show his aims in literary occupation:

“O, eternal God, who has made all things for man, and man for thy glory, sanctify my body and soul, my thoughts, and my intentions, my words and actions, that whatsoever I shall think, or speak, or do, may be by me designed to the glorification of thy name; and by thy blessing it may be effective and successful in the work of God, according as it can be capable.

“Lord, turn my necessities into virtue; the works of nature into the works of grace, by making them orderly, regular, temperate, subordinate, and profitable to ends beyond their own proper efficacy; and let no pride or self-seeking, no covetousness or revenge, no impure mixture or unhandsome purposes, no little ends and low imaginations, pollute my spirit, and unhallow any of my words and actions; but let my body be a servant to my spirit, and both body and spirit servants of Jesus; that, doing all things for thy glory here, I may be

a partaker of thy glory hereafter; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

IN SICKNESS.

"O eternal God, Thou hast made me and sustained me; Thou hast blessed me in all the days of my life, and hast taken care of me in all variety of accidents; and nothing happens to me willingly. Lord, I am unable to stand under the cross, unable of myself; but Thou, O holy Jesus, who didst feel the burden of it, who didst sink under it, and wert pleased to admit a man to bear part of the load, when Thou underwent all for him, be Thou pleased to ease this load by fortifying my spirit that I may be strongest when I am weakest, and may be able to do and suffer everything Thou pleasest through Christ, who strengthens me. Lord, if Thou wilt support me, I will forever praise Thee; if Thou wilt suffer the load to press me yet more heavily, I will cry unto Thee, and complain unto my God; and at last I will lie down and die, and by the mercies and intercession of the holy Jesus, and the conduct of thy blessed Spirit, and the ministry of angels, pass into

those mansions where holy souls rest and weep no more. Lord, pity me; Lord, sanctify this my sickness, Lord strengthen me; holy Jesus, save me and deliver me. Thou knowest how shamefully I have fallen with pleasure: in thy mercy and very pity let me not fall with pain too. O let me never charge God foolishly, nor offend Thee by my impatience and uneasy spirit, nor weaken the hands and hearts of those that charitably minister to my needs; but let me pass through the valley of tears and the valley of the shadow of death with safety and peace, with a meek spirit and a sense of the Divine mercies, and though Thou breakest me in pieces, my hope is Thou wilt gather me up in the gatherings of eternity. Grant this, eternal God, gracious Father, in the name of our ever blessed Saviour, Jesus. Amen."

THE ANGELS' "SONG OF ADORATION."

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come: heaven and earth, angels and men, the air and the sea, give glory, and honor, and thanks to Him that sitteth on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever. All the blessed spirits and souls of the righteous

cast their crowns before the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever.

“Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power, for Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, Thou king of saints. Thy wisdom is infinite, thy mercies are glorious, and I am not worthy, O Lord, to appear in thy presence, before whom the angels hide their faces.

“O holy and eternal Jesus, Lamb of God, who wert slain from the beginning of the world, Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign with Thee forever.

“Blessing, honor, glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.”

RICHARD LANGHORN.

Richard Langhorn, a man of eminent learning and influence, of high character and sincere piety, was falsely accused by Titus Oates

of complicity in the so-called Popish plots. At a time of great excitement he was condemned to be executed in a most barbarous manner, although the events which followed his death completely vindicated his innocence.

He composed numerous prayers in his imprisonment, which may be found in Cobbett's "State Trials." One of these, beginning "It is told me I must die," has been frequently quoted.

In view of his death, he found consolation in the following meditation.

"The several circumstances of the passion of our Lord accompanying my death, by which he vouchsafes to grace me, a poor sinner, and to refresh my memory, in relation to his blessed merits.

"1. To be judged by a public sentence.

"2. To die the most ignominious of all deaths.

"3. By the hands of the public executioner.

"4. As an enemy to Cæsar and the government.

"5. To die hanging on a tree.

"6. *To be stript of my clothes.*

"7. *To have all my blood entirely shed by quartering.*

"8. *With a public declaring my death to be necessary for the people.*

"9. *The multitude shouting, 'Crucify, crucify.'*

"10. *The people rejoicing at the sentence and death.*

"11. *Occasioned by false witnesses.*

"12. *The witnesses induced by malice and rewards."*

PRAYER OF RICHARD LANGHORN (IN PART.)

"On Thee, O my Jesus, I profess wholly and solely

To rely, and to hope in Thee, and in thy blood,

With so much love shed for me, by which I Firmly confide, that Thou wilt save me.

Though most unworthy, I love Thee, O my Jesus,

For thyself, and beg that Thou wilt increase That love in me; I am sorry, O my God from my

*Heart and soul, that I have at any time,
sinned
Against Thee; and this, as I hope by thy grace, for
The love of Thee.*

“Several acts of my soul, upon the last
Words of our blessed Jesus.

*“I do, from my heart, O my Jesus, pardon all my
Enemies, and particularly those upon whose false
And untrue testimonies, I am adjudged to die for
Crimes of which Thou, my Jesus knowest, and
their
Consciencs at the dreadful hour of judgment
Must testify, that I am wholly innocent; Father
Forgive them, they know not what they do.*

“Behold, O my Jesus, I am now coming unto
Thee,
Confirm it unto my soul by thy holy spirit, that
This day I shall be with Thee in Paradise.

“O, Lamb of God, who upon the cross didst
adopt me,
In the person of St. John, to be the son of thy
Blessed mother, and before whose throne thy holy

*Saints now offer the incense of prayer for thy
Servants upon earth, mercifully receive those
Prayers which are addressed to Thee, from
me the most
Unworthy of thy creatures.*

*“ O, blessed Jesus, who upon thy cross wert
pleased
To suffer an abandonment, to the end I might
Not be abandoned by thy Father at my death.
Blessed be thy name, that Thou art pleased to
be now
With me by thy holy Spirit, and not to forsake
Me in this great time of trial.*

*“ O, my dearest Jesus! who upon thy cross
didst suffer
Thirst, for the perfecting the works of my re-
demption,
Behold, I now thirst to be with Thee; blessed be
Thy name that Thou art pleased to give me
this thirst.*

*“ O, my Jesus, who upon thy Cross didst con-
summate*

*Thy life for the love of me, blessed be thy
Name, that Thou permittest me to consummate
My life for Thee in thy service.
O, my dearest Jesus, into thy hands I
Commend my spirit."*

EARL OF MONTROSE.

James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Auld Montrose, 1612, and was hanged at Edinburgh, May 21, 1651. He was an earnest defender of the Covenanters in his early life, but espoused the cause of the Stuarts, and was defeated by the Scottish clans.

He evidently believed in the justice of his political course, and was governed in his private life by the highest religious principle.

But though regarded as a hero and martyr by the Royalists, he was looked upon as an enemy to the Scottish faith and nation by the Presbyterians of Scotland.

The following account of his execution, from

the pen of his principal biographer, presents a partial and partisan view of Montrose in the extreme hour :

“The ministers, because he was under the sentence of excommunication, would not pray for him; and even on the scaffold were very bitter against him.

“Being desired to pray apart, he said:

“‘I have already poured out my soul before the Lord, who knows my heart, and into whose hands I have committed my spirit; and He hath been pleased to return to me a full assurance of peace in Jesus Christ my Redeemer; and, therefore, if you will not *join with me* in prayer, my reiterating it again will be but scandalous to you and to me.’

“So, closing his eyes, and holding up his hands, he stood a good space with his inward devout ejaculations; being perceived to be mightily moved all the while.

“When he had done, he called for the executioner, and gave him four pieces of gold; who, weeping, took his book and declaration, and other printed papers which he had published in his life, and, being all tied in a string,

hanged them together about his neck; when he said:

“I love this more than my badge of being Knight of the Garter, which his Sacred Majesty was pleased to make me. Nay, more *my honor* than a chain of gold.’

“Then, his arms being tied, he asked the officers if they had any more dishonor—as they considered it—to put upon him; he was ready to receive and accept of the same.

“And so, with an undaunted courage and gravity, in spite of all their affronts, uncivil, and barbarous usage, he went up to the top of that prodigious gibbet, where, having freely pardoned the executioner, he desired him that at the uplifting of his hands he should tumble him over; which was accordingly done by the weeping hangman, who, with his most honest tears, seemed to revile the cruelty of his countrymen, which may serve for a test of the rebellious and diabolical spirit of the malicious Consistory.

“After three hours he was taken down, and had his head cut off; which was fixed on the iron pin, west end of the Tolbooth; his quar-

ters sent to be placed and set up in the several cities; and the rest of his mortal parts buried under the gallows." [Account of the execution of Montrose, by a Scotch minister, given by Napier in his "Memoirs of Montrose."]

PRAYER. [WRITTEN IN HIS CELL.]

*"Let them bestow on every airt a limb;
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,—
Then place my par-boiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air,
Lord! since Thou knowest where all these
atoms are;
I am hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."*

XVIII.

CROMWELL AND VANE.

THE LAST PRAYER OF CROMWELL. [1599-1658.]

Though Oliver Cromwell was no doubt largely influenced by noble and patriotic purposes, yet he was an ambitious man. He resolutely declined the crown, but, notwithstanding this, he loved the power which the crown represented. All his energies were given, during the last years of his life, to use and hold that power. His heart was set upon an earthly kingdom, whatever may have been his purposes in wishing to govern it for the good of the people.

It is the 3d of September, 1658, a date which the Protector has often named as his fortunate

day, for it is the anniversary of the great victories of the Commonwealth at Dunbar and Worcester. The glory of his victories is now fading from his eyes; the earthly kingdom he has sought is slipping away from his rule. Without the palace, a fearful storm is raging. The day is dark. Amid this gloom of nature, the tempestuous, earthly life of Oliver Cromwell is drawing to a not untroubled close.

He expressed regret for the errors of his life, and the mistakes of his judgment, and earnestly prayed for the English nation. He now clearly saw how short and uncertain is the possession of a worldly kingdom. His thoughts become fixed upon another realm—a kingdom which cannot be moved, and, surviving the empires of earth, endures forever. He thought of Christ as the eternal King, and of the extension of His dominion throughout the world.

“Whatever may become of me or of my kingdom,” he wrote, “may the cause of Christ be glorious in the earth!”

In this faith, and this vision of the Redeemer’s everlasting reign, the great Protector passed

away, breathing the spirit of the prayer—

“Thy will be done.”

We present two extracts from history, which will give a view of the last hours of Cromwell, which are associated with the remarkable prayer which we quote, and which presents a true picture of his state of mind in view of eternity.

“On Monday, August 30, a dreadful hurricane burst over London. The wind howled and blew with such violence that travellers feared to set out on their journeys; and the chambers of Whitehall re-echoed with its hollow roar. . . . That same night, in the midst of the tempest, several persons being in his chamber, and Major Butler among the rest, the dying Christian was heard offering up a solemn prayer; of which it has been said, by way of reproach, that it was the invocation of a mediator between God and his people, rather than that of a poor sinner.

“Whether he felt himself a sinner or not, this very prayer will tell us; but by what right, if we regard the supplications of a dying parent for his children as a solemn and affect-

ing thing, . . . by what right do men presume to reproach the chief of a great people, if he prays for that people, at the very moment when God is resuming the reins he had placed in his hands, and is calling him to eternity?

“We cannot forbear wishing that God would give all the rulers of the nations that love of their people which is stronger than death, and of which the Protector has left us one of the noblest examples recorded in history.—D’Aubigne. “The Protector: a Vindication.”

“On the 30th of August, a mighty storm of wind filled the land with dismay.

“There is deeper cause of alarm to most men, for the Protector is dying. What is to come next? By the instrument of Government he is to name his successor. His eldest son, Richard, is an idle country gentleman, harmless, but somewhat incapable.

“Thurloe puts the question of succession to the dying man. There is a sealed-up paper, in a certain place at Hampton Court. The paper is not to be found. On the night of

the second of September, the question is put again. The answer, faintly breathed out, was said to be "Richard."

"That night, again one of terrible storm, was to usher in Cromwell's 'Fortunate Day,' the third of September the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester. The prince and soldier passed away in a state of insensibility, in the afternoon of that third of September.

"The prayer which he addressed to Heaven, a night or two before his death, has a consistent reference to his public life, in connection with his religious belief.—Knight's "Popular History of England."

PRAYER OF CROMWELL ON HIS DEATH BED.

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will come to Thee for thy people.

"Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, how

ever Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Pardon thy foolish people! Forgive their sins, and do not forsake them, but love and bless them.

“Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments, to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm; for they are thy people, too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer. And give me rest for Jesus Christ’s sake, to whom, with Thee and thy Holy Spirit, be all honor and glory, now and forever! Amen.”

SIR HENRY VANE. [1612–1662.]

On the day before his execution, his friends were allowed to visit him in his cell. He received them calmly, but with much affection; and, kissing them, said that he was able to look beyond the sweet attachments of this life to Mount Zion. “I am willing,” he said, “to leave these outward enjoyments for those I

shall meet with in a better country. I have made it my business to acquaint myself with the society of heaven. Be not troubled, I am going to my Father."

At midnight the sheriff's chaplain came, and read the warrant of execution. "After receiving the message," he said, in the morning, "I slept four hours so sound that the Lord hath made it sufficient for me, and now I am going to sleep my last. After that I shall sleep no more."

In the morning he was visited by his family and friends for the last time. He received them with the same lofty composure as before, and kneeling, made the following prayer:

"Most gracious Father, look down from the habitation of thy holiness; visit, relieve, and comfort us, poor servants gathered here in the name of Christ.

"Thou art rending the veil, and bringing us to the mountain that abides forever.

"Thy poor servant knows not how he shall be carried forth by Thee this day, but blessed be thy great and holy name, that he hath

whereof to speak in this great cause. When I shall be gathered to Thee this day, then come Thou in the ministry of thy holy angels that excel in strength.

“Let these my friends commit me to the Lord, and let them be gathered unto the family of Abraham, the father of the faithful.

“My hour-glass is turned, the sands run apace, and death doth not surprise me.

“Lord, strengthen Thou the heart of thy servant, that he may understand this day’s work with joy and gladness.

“Let my poor family, that is left desolate, let my poor wife and children, be taken under thy care, be Thou a Husband, Father and Master to them all.

“Let the spirits of those who love Thee be drawn towards them. Let a blessing be upon the friends and kindred here at this time. Show thyself a loving Father to us all, and do for us abundantly above and beyond all that we can ask or think, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.”

After the interview, the sheriff’s messenger

came to say that there must be a sled. "Anyway," replied Vane, "how they please; for I long to be at home, to be dissolved and be with Christ."

He seated himself upon the sled, and was drawn toward Tower Hill, the place appointed for his execution. The streets were filled with a great multitude, and all the tops of the houses were covered with people. It was a lovely June day. The memory of the martyr's past services and sufferings in the cause of liberty, were as fragrant in the minds of the people as the air was fragrant with flowers.

Tears fell like rain, and thousands of sobbing voices uttered the benediction, "The Lord be with you."

He ascended the scaffold with the dignity of a martyr. He attempted to address the people, but his words breathed the old spirit of Liberty, and the trumpets were blown.

A long prayer — the farewell — the last dreadful scene, and the great apostle of freedom was no more. He was executed June 14, 1662.

XIX.

*BISHOP KEN.***KEN'S MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS.**

The morning and evening hymns of Bishop Ken, are in substance, and common use, prayers. It is related that Ken himself used to sing his morning hymn before dressing, to his lute, it being an expression of the prayerful desire of his heart.

Of the grand doxology which closes his morning and his evening hymn, or prayer, Montgomery says:

“It is a masterpiece at once of amplification and compression; amplification, on the burthen, ‘Praise God,’ repeated in each line; compression, by exhibiting God as the object of

praise in every view in which we can imagine praise due to Him—praise, for all his blessings, yea, ‘*all* blessings,’ none coming from any other source; praise by every creature, specifically invoked, ‘here below,’ and in ‘heaven above;’ praise to Him in each of the characters wherein He has revealed Himself in His Word—‘Father, Son and Holy Ghost.’”

Thomas Ken was born in 1637. He graduated at Oxford, in 1661. He was appointed chaplain to the Prince of Orange in 1679, and chaplain to Charles II. in 1682. He was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells. He was imprisoned under James, and on his release lived a comparatively retired life. He desired that six of the poor men, of the parish where he lived, might convey his body to the grave; and it is said that after burying him, his attendants saluted the opening day with the strains of the morning hymn. He died in 1711.

Few hymns ever written have been so much used as prayers, to which devotions they properly belong.

KEN'S MORNING PRAYER.

*“Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.*

*“Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.*

*“In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.*

*“By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.*

*“Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.*

*“Awake! awake! Ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend!”*

*“May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker’s will!
O, may I never more do ill!”*

*“Had I your wings, to Heaven I’d fly;
But God shall that defect supply;
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.”*

*“All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!”*

*“I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev’n Heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed!”*

*“Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
O never then from me depart!
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be,
But for one moment void of Thee.*

*“Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.*

*“Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.*

*“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!*

—From Roundell Palmer's “Book of Praise.”

KEN'S EVENING PRAYER.

*“All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.*

*“Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.*

*“Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day!*

*“O, may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake!*

*“When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!*

*“Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved,
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.*

*“But though sleep o’er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains!
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart.*

*“The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!*

*“O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?*

*“O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instill;
Stop all the avenues of ill.*

*“May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song!*

*“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!”*
—From Roundell Palmer’s “Book of Praise.”

XX.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

“God, in his mercy,” said this beloved prince, the founder of the Dutch Republic, and one of the noblest defenders of the Reformed faith, “God, in his mercy, will maintain my innocence and my honor, during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to his service. He will do therewith what pleases him, for his glory, and my salvation.”

“As long as he lived,” says Motley, “he was the guiding star of a whole nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.”

He was assassinated 1584, by a Jesuit con-

spirator, who had sought an opportunity for the deed for years.

“The prince,” says Motley, “came from his dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend the stairs. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body. The prince exclaimed, in French, as he felt the wound,

*“O my God, have mercy upon my soul!
O, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!”*

And so this prince, whose life had been wholly devoted to the good of others, died, with a prayer for the people he loved, on his lips.

XXI.

ENGLISH WORTHIES.

GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, called Saintly George Herbert, was born 1593, and died 1634.

His life was as famous for its humility and willing obedience to the word of God, as his poems, sermons and prayers were for their gem-like spiritual perceptions, vividness and quaintness.

It is said that while he was walking on his way to Salisbury, to join a musical party, he saw by the road-side a poor man with a poorer horse, that had fallen under the weight of his burden. Both man and beast were in great distress, and needed help.

If Mr. Herbert had been careless, indifferent and cold-hearted, he would not so willingly have put off his canonical coat, and helped the man to unload, and afterwards load his horse.

He did all this, however, and the man blessed him for it. Like the good Samaritan of old, he also gave the man money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus they parted company, and each went on his own way.

Mr. Herbert arrived late in Salisbury, so late, indeed, that his friends of the musical gathering had given up hope of seeing him. It is easy to imagine their surprise, however, when he entered the room, and they heard his story; for his clothes, usually very neat and trim, were soiled and discomposed.

“What a pity,” said one of the company, “that you should have disparaged yourself by so dirty an employment!”

“A man of your position,” exclaimed another, “could not be expected to spoil your cleanliness by keeping company with wayfarers!”

Everybody found words of this sort, while

expressing sympathy, to show that the kindness exhibited by Mr. Herbert was uncalled for, and a condescension on his part.

The good man's response was worthy of the nobleness of his act.

"Ah, my friends," said he, "the thought of what I have done will prove music to me at midnight; but the omission of that deed would have upbraided and made discord in my conscience whenever I should again pass by that place; for, if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and blessing God for the occasion."

AFTER PREACHING.

"Blessed be God and the Father of all mercy, who continueth to pour his benefits upon us. Thou hast elected us, Thou hast called us, Thou hast justified us, sanctified and glorified us. Thou wast born for us, and Thou livedst and diedst for us. Thou hast given us

the blessings of this life and of a better. O Lord! thy blessings hang in clusters: they come trooping upon us; they break forth like mighty waters on every side. And now, Lord, Thou hast fed us with the bread of life. So man did eat angels' food. O Lord, bless it! O Lord, make it health and strength to us!—still striving and prospering so long within us, until our obedience reach the measure of thy love, who hast done for us as much as may be. Grant this, dear Father, for thy Son's sake, our only Saviour; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost—three persons, but one most glorious, incomprehensible God—be ascribed all honor, and glory, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.”

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S PRAYERS.

During many years of his life, Dr. Johnson observed certain days with religious solemnity, on which it was his custom to compose prayers and meditations. These days were New Year's, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, the day of his wife's death, and his own birthday. He had originally no intention of publishing these

prayers and meditations, but was induced to give them to a friend, for publication, in his last years.

He regarded sloth, idleness, a disinclination to use his powers, and an inclination to seek bodily ease, as the great failings of his life; and against this constitutional tendency to inaction, he was always struggling and praying.

He once declared, looking back upon a partly wasted year: "This is not the life to which heaven is promised."

It is remarkable that a man who accomplished so much, should always be fighting against sloth as his besetting sin. It is doubtless to those struggles that his prayers illustrate, that we owe the fruits of his life.

ON MY BIRTHDAY. [1738.]

"O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Father of all mercies, I, Thine unworthy servant, do give Thee most humble thanks, for all thy goodness and loving kindness to me. I bless Thee for my creation, preservation, and redemption, for the knowledge

of thy Son Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and the hope of glory. In the days of childhood and youth, in the midst of weakness, blindness and danger, Thou hast protected me; amidst afflictions of mind, body and estate Thou hast supported me; and amidst vanity and wickedness Thou hast spared me. Grant, O merciful Father, that I may have a lively sense of thy mercies. Create within me a contrite heart, that I may worthily lament my sins and acknowledge my wickedness, and obtain remission and forgiveness, through the satisfaction of Jesus Christ. And, O Lord, enable me, by thy grace, to redeem the time which I have spent in sloth, vanity and wickedness; to make use of thy gifts to the honor of thy name; to lead a new life in thy faith, fear and love; and finally, to obtain everlasting life.

“ Grant this, Almighty Lord, for the merits, and through the mediation of our most holy and blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one God, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.”

NEW YEAR'S. [1748.]

“Almighty and most merciful Father, who hast not yet suffered me to fall into the grave; grant that I may so remember my past life as to repent of the days and years which I have spent in forgetfulness of thy mercy, and neglect of my own salvation; and so use the time which Thou shalt yet allow me, as that I may every day become more diligent in my studies which in thy providence shall be assigned me; and that, when at last I shall be called to judgment, I may be received as a good and faithful servant, into everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

1764.

In his private memorandum he thus speaks: “I went to church and prayed to be loosed from the chain of my sins. I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving, having, from the earliest time, almost, I can remember, been forming schemes of a better life.

“O God, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for Jesus Christ’s sake.

PRAYER.

“ O God, heavenly Father, who desirest not the death of the sinner, grant that I may turn from my wickedness and live. Enable me to shake off all impediments of lawful action, and so to order my life, that increase of days may produce increase of grace, of tranquillity of thought and vigor in duty. Grant that my resolves may be effectual to a holy life, and a happy death, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.”

BEFORE COMMUNION. [1773.]

[Written at near midnight, April 10, in view of the Easter communion on April 11.]

“ Almighty God, by whose mercy I am now about to commemorate the death of my Redeemer, grant that from this time I may so live as that his death may be efficacious to my eternal happiness; enable me to conquer all evil customs; deliver me from evil and vexatious thoughts; grant me light to discover my duty, and grace to perform it. As my life advances, let me become more pure and more holy. Take not from me thy Holy Spirit, but grant that I may serve Thee with diligence and

confidence; and when Thou shalt call me hence, receive me to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

1784.

Forty-six years after the writing of the first prayer we have quoted, Dr. Johnson wrote the following prayer before receiving the communion, Dec. 5, 1784.

"Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes, it seems, about to commemorate, for the last time, the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by thy Holy Spirit in the days of

weakness and at the hour of death; and receive me at my death to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

EJACULATION.

"O God, make me to remember that the night cometh, when no man can work."

JOHN WESLEY'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT AND PRAYER IN EXTREME AGE.

John Wesley has left but few prayers in his writings, except in the form of hymns. He was accustomed to read the prayers of Jeremy Taylor in his early years, and he loved the devotions of Thomas à Kempis; he revised the Episcopal Prayer Book for the use of his societies, but he believed that prayer must commonly arise from the need that prompts it; and his work as an evangelist had little need of set forms of prayer.

The following was his thanksgiving before meat:

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for these thy mercies. Bless the Church and the King, and

grant us truth and peace through Jesus Christ our Lord, forever and ever. Amen."

He was heard repeating this prayer in his last hours.

He desired to die triumphantly. On Sunday morning, Feb. 26, 1791, shortly before his death, he was heard praying in the verse of a hymn-prayer which his brother, Charles Wesley, had written :

*"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And, O, my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end."*

His prayer was answered. He said to the watchers around his death-bed, "Pray and praise."

Among his last triumphant utterances, was a quotation from Watts' hymn.

*"I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,*

*Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."*

And his last words were :

"I'll praise — I'll praise."

CHARLES WESLEY'S LAST PRAYER IN VERSE.

Charles Wesley wrote, in middle life :

*"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high."*

The evening of his years was serene and cloudless, a perfect answer to the prayer —

*"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past."*

The sea of life calmed, the sunshine of heaven seemed to fall perpetually upon his soul,

and to brighten to its close. His poetic feelings predominated to the last, even when he could no longer hold the pen.

The following poems were among the last offerings of his muse, the last being composed only a short time before his release:

“HELPLESS, YET HAPPY.

*“O Thou, whose wise, paternal love
Hath brought my active vigor down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.*

*“Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy work I can no longer do;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show;
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless voice proclaim thy praise.”*

“AGED AND HELPLESS.

*“In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?”*

*Jesus, my only hope Thou art—
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!"*

WILBERFORCE.

There is little that is remarkable in the circumstances that led William Wilberforce, the emancipationist and philanthropist, to turn his attention to the concerns of his soul at an early period of life; and yet there is much in his experience that is instructive.

While a school-boy at Wimbledon, he was brought by his aunt, who was a warm admirer of the preaching of Whitefield, under the instructions of the Methodists; and became very thoughtful on the subject of personal religion, receiving impressions that were never entirely effaced. He, however, did not fully understand the higher duties and enjoyments of a religious life, and his piety was for a time a flickering light, and not a pure, steady flame.

At the age of twenty-one he was elected to Parliament. He felt a true sense of the duties and responsibilities of life, and was

more ambitious to exert a right influence on mankind, and to prove a benefactor, than to share the splendors of fame.

In the year 1784, young Wilberforce made a tour to the continent with Isaac Milner, a man of deeply religious character; and he was led, through the influence of Mr. Milner's example and instruction, to consider more deeply the claims of religion, and to consecrate his life and abilities to the service of God.

"Often," said he, "when in the full enjoyment of all this world could bestow, my conscience told me, that, in the highest sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me: What folly is this, to continue in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would find me unprepared!"

This reflection brought before him the value of the Scriptures as a guide to the way of life. One day his eye fell upon these words: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." "Let me," said he, "test this statement. God has promised to give the

Holy Spirit to them who ask for it. I will go down on my knees and ask."

He did not ask in vain. A sense of the love of God, and the peace that passeth understanding filled his soul.

His subsequent history shows the true value of a consecrated life. He, indeed, followed his Master in the ministry of love, and enjoyed the sweetness of a calm but lofty faith that ever kept Heaven in view. Religion to him was not a mere matter of feeling, but of principle. He served God with the same deliberation with which he had sought a knowledge of the truth.

The struggle of Wilberforce, for the abolition of the slave trade in the British colonies, was one that engaged all the energies and sympathies of his soul; and it was one of the darkest hours of his life, when, in 1805, his bill for this purpose was defeated in Parliament. But he still felt secure, for he believed that the cause was the Lord's.

He lamented the selfishness of men; but he saw the years of the triumph of truth in the distance, as with a prophetic vision.

The following prayer was composed at this trying period :

“O Lord, take not thy Holy Spirit from me; take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh; that under thy chastisements, I may lift up to Thee a humble, reverential, and even thankful eye; and desire that thy correction may work its due effect, and keep me closer to Thee for strength, and light, and warmth, and all things.

“O, quicken me in thy righteousness. Give me all holy affections in their just measure of vigor and force. Give me thy Spirit to help me to pray, and praise Thee acceptably; to worship in spirit and in truth.

“Let me aim at universal holiness, but especially guard against self-indulgence, and love of human estimation. O, how that vile passion will creep in! Even now it is at work, fold within fold. Lord, Thou knowest me; I cast myself on thy pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace.

“O Lord, teach me to extract good from present evil, and turn temporary suffering into

everlasting happiness. Lord, purify my heart, and make me meet for the blessed society above. Alas, how sadly do I still find myself beset by my constitutional corruptions! I trust the grief I felt on the defeat of my Bill (for the abolition of slavery) on Thursday last, proceeded from sympathy with the wretched victims, whose sufferings are before my mind's eye; yet I fear in part, also, less pure affections mixed and heightened the smart; regret that I had not made a greater and better fight in the way of speaking; vexation at the shame of the defeat. O, Lord, purify me. I do not — God be merciful to me — deserve the signal honor of being the instrument of putting an end to this atrocious and unparalleled wickedness. But, O Lord, let me earnestly pray Thee to pity these children of affliction, and to terminate their unequalled wrongs; and O, direct and guide me in this important conjuncture, that I may act so as may be most agreeable to thy will. O, may I never forsake Thee. Guide me, guard me, purify me, strengthen me. Keep me from falling, and at length present me faultless be-

fore the presence of thy glory, with exceeding joy. Amen."

Success crowned the efforts of Wilberforce in 1807, when his Resolution against the slave trade was received with such favor that it was adopted by Parliament by a large majority.

The following prayer was composed in this year :

"What gratitude is justly due from me a sinner, who have been brought from darkness into light, and I trust from the pursuit of earthly things to the prime love of things above! O God, purify my heart still more by thy grace. Quicken my dead soul, and purify me by thy Spirit, that I may be changed from glory to glory, and be made even here in some degree to resemble my Heavenly Father.

"May the God of hope fill me with all joy and peace in believing. O Lord, do Thou break, soften, quicken, warm my cold heart; and teach me to feel an overflowing love and gratitude, or rather a deep and grateful sense of obligation, not as a transient effusion, but

as the settled temper and disposition, the practical habit of my soul: that so I may here begin the song of praise, to be sung with more purified and warm affections in heaven.

“Lord, I cast myself before Thee. O spurn me not from Thee, unworthy though I am, of all thy wonderful goodness. O, grant me more and more of humility, and love, and faith, and hope, and longing for a complete renewal into Thine image. Lord, help me and hear me. I come to Thee as my only Saviour. O, be Thou my help, my strength, my peace, my joy and consolation; my Alpha and Omega; my all in all. Amen.”

LAST PRAYERS OF HANNAH MORE.

Hannah More (1745–1833) composed a book of devotions, which was useful in its day, but which, like many other productions of her pen, which were written to answer a special want of the time, has long been almost forgotten.

She was nearly ninety when she died, but her faculties were clear, and she was kept in a state of delightful communion with Heaven

in the period of her last illness. "Prayer," says one, "was the last thing that lived in her; every breath was prayer."

"I am never tired of prayer," she said. "Pray, pray that the dear mistress of this house may be supported in her last hours."

She prayed:

"Lord, have mercy upon me; Christ have mercy upon me and make me patient under my sufferings. Take away my perverse and selfish spirit, and give me a conformity to thy will.

"May thy will be done in me and by me, to thy praise and glory; I desire only to be found at the foot of the cross.

"Lord, I am Thine. I am not my own. I am bought with a price, even the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lord, have mercy upon me, and grant me an abundant entrance into thy kingdom."

And again:

"Lord, strengthen my resignation to thy holy will. Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable

sinner. Thou hast not left me comfortless. O Lord, strengthen me in the knowledge of my Saviour Jesus Christ, whom I love and honor. How many parts of the Scriptures speak of the necessity of being born again! Raise my desires, purify my affections, sanctify my soul, to go to heaven—think what that is!—to go to my Saviour, who died that I might live! Lord, humble me, subdue every evil temper in me. May we meet in a robe of glory! Through Jesus Christ's merits we alone can be saved. Look down, O Lord, upon thy unworthy servant with eyes of compassion."

XXII.

DERZHAVIN

There are few single poems that are so widely known among mankind as the hymn, or prayer of Derzhavin, beginning:

*“ O, Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time’s all devastating flight:
Thou only God! There is no God beside!”*

It was translated into Japanese by the imperial order, and, embroidered with gold, was hung up in the temple of Jeddo. It has been translated into Chinese and inscribed on silk; it found a place in the halls of the royal

palace of Peking. It even has been admired in the rude Tartar tongue. The translation of it by Sir John Bowring has made it familiar as far as the English language is spoken. It is held to be, in Russia, the noblest production of Muscovite origin, and there is no Russian poem that has been so much read in the English tongue. The translation of it outranks all other addresses to the Deity in our literature.

But, as great as has been the favor shown to this poem, the history of its author, outside of Russia, is little known.

Gabriel Ramanovich Derzhavin was born at Kasan, on the third of July, 1743. He was early instructed in the private academies, and in the imperial gymnasium. At the age of seventeen he was enrolled in the engineer military service, and won soon after, his first reputation with his pen, by a fine description of the Bulgarain ruins on the banks of the Volga. He was advanced rapidly in his military career; and, in 1784, his conspicuous talents and virtues led to his appointment as Chancellor of State. In 1791, he was advanced to

the office of Secretary of State, by Catherine II.; in 1793 he was called to the Senate; and the next year he was made President of the College of Commerce.

His brilliant career of statesmanship extended over a period of nearly twenty years. But, amid the glory of virtuous success, the cares of State, and the pomps and splendors of the Court, his character and tastes as a contemplative poet grew and ripened; and it so predominated, in the end, that he retired from his official career, and began to mould into poetic form the noble thoughts of a life-time. A few years after his retirement, in 1808, his poems were printed in four volumes, and began their mission in the world.

Three of these poems—"God," "On the death of Meshchersky," and "The Waterfall," each translated by Bowring, are known to English scholars. "The Waterfall" is a heroic poem of wonderful force and grandeur of thought; portraying the pomps and vanities of ambitious achievements in the halls of State and on the field of battle.

The following lines from "The Waterfall"

will show the cast of thought in the poem:

*“ O, glory! glory! mighty one of earth ;
How justly imaged in this waterfall!
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,
Dashing thy torrents down and dazzling all ;
Sublimely breaking from thy glorious height,
Majestic, thundering, beautiful and bright.*

*“ How many a wandering eye is turned to thee,
In admiration lost — short-sighted men !
Thy furious wave gives no fertility :
Thy waters, hurrying fiercely through the plain,
Bring nought but devastation and distress,
And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.*

*“ O, fairer, lovelier is the modest rill,
Watering with steps serene the field, the grove —
Its gentle voice as sweet and soft and still,
As shepherd’s pipe, or song of youthful love.
It has no thundering torrent, but it flows
Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes.”*

His ode on Meshchersky closes with the following stanza :

*“ To-day, my friend, may bring our final doom ;
 If not to-day, to-morrow surely will :
 Why look we sadly on Meshchersky’s tomb ?
 Here he was happy — he is happy still.
 Life was not given for ages to endure,
 Though virtue even in death may find a rest.
 But know a spirit ordered well and pure,
 May make life’s sorrows and life’s changes blest.”*

His description of the celestial scenery, in
 “ God,” is derived from the splendors of the
 cold Russian sky :

*“ A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?
 A glorious company of golden streams ?
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright ?
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
 But thou to these art as the noon to night.”*

Sir John Bowring remarks, in regard to the
 lines in the same poem, which are translated :

*“And as the spangles in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven’s bright army glitters in thy praise” —*

“The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendor, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees Reaumer. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow, and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion.

The grandeur of Derzhavin’s character, the high position he occupied, and the country in which he lived, all combined to develope those unequalled conceptions of the Deity of which his poem is the expression. But Christianity to him was something more vital than an awe-inspiring admiration of God’s power and wisdom.

*“Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.”*

“ GOD.

“ *O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty one!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God, and know no more!*

“*In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high;
Even like past moments in eternity.*

“ *Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprang forth from Thee — of light, joy, harmony*

Sole origin ; all life, all beauty, Thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create ;

Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.

*Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !*

*“Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath.*

Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,

And beautifully mingled life and death !

As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds springforth from Thee ;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays

Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry

Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

“ A million torches, lighted by thy hand,

Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;

They own thy power, accomplish thy command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them ? — Piles of crystal light ?

A glorious company of golden streams ?

Lamps of celestial ether burning bright ?

Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

*“ Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost ;
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
 And what am I, then? — Heaven’s unnumbered
 host*

*Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against thy greatness — is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! O what am I, then? — Naught.*

*“ Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too ;
 Yes! in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Naught! — but I live, and on hope’s pinions fly
 Eager towards thy presence ; for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, O God, and surely Thou must be !*

*“ Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!
 Direct my understanding, then, to Thee ;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart ;
 Though but an atom ’mid immensity,*

*Still I am something fashioned by thy hand ;
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth ;
 Just on the boundary of the spirit-land !*

*“ The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter’s last gradation lost ;
 And the next step is spirit — Deity !
 I can command the lightning, and am dust !
 A monarch, and a slave ! a worm, a god !
 Whence came I here, and how ? so marvellously
 Constructed and conceived ! Unknown ! This clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy !
 For from itself alone it could not be !*

*“ Creator, yes ! thy wisdom and thy word
 Created me ! Thou Source of life and good !
 Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
 Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 O’er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its Source — to Thee — its Author, there.*

*" O, thoughts ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good!
'Midst thy vast work admire, obey, adore!
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude."*

XXIII.

BRAINERD AND ELIOT.

THE PRAYERS OF BRAINERD.

“All things are possible to God,” was the thought that inspired Brainerd at the forks of the Delaware; and, broken in health, the student of Yale turned his back on the allurements of culture, friends and Christian society, and penetrated the wilderness to preach to the Red Man of the Susquehanna and the Jerseys. Men said such an undertaking was the mere impulse of enthusiasm, and would be fruitless; but forest altars arose wherever the young student preached, labored and prayed, and God poured his fires upon them.

Edwards, in his life of Brainerd, thus speaks of his prayers:

“His manner of praying was very agreeable; most becoming a worm of the dust, and a disciple of Christ, addressing an infinitely great and holy God, and Father of mercies; not with fluid expressions, or a studied eloquence; not with any intemperate vehemence, or indecent boldness; at the greatest distance from any appearance of ostentation, and from anything that might look as though he meant to recommend himself to those that were about him, or set himself off to their acceptance; free, too, from vain repetitions, without impertinent excursions, or needless multiplying of words. He expressed himself with the strictest propriety, with weight and pungency; and yet what his lips uttered seemed to flow from the *fullness of his heart*, as deeply impressed with a great and solemn sense of our necessities, unworthiness and dependence, and of God’s infinite greatness, excellency, and sufficiency, rather than merely from a warm and fruitful brain, pouring out good expressions. And I know not that ever I heard him so much as

ask a blessing or return thanks at table, but there was something remarkable to be observed both in the matter and manner of the performance. In his prayers he insisted much on the prosperity of Zion, the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and the flourishing and propagation of religion among the Indians. And he generally made it one petition in his prayer, that we might not outlive our usefulness.

This last petition was answered in Brainerd's own case. The sword was too sharp for the scabbard. He died young in years, but old in examples of wonder-working usefulness.

JOHN ELIOT'S PRAYERS.

Among the many remarkable incidents recorded by Cotton Mather, in his "History of New England," the following circumstances in the life of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, are worthy of remembrance:

There were many manifestations, in Eliot's life, of the gifts of foresight and prophecy. And as some persons of delicate constitution will forebode the changes of the weather, so Eliot

often had strange forebodings of things that were to come.

“I have been astonished,” says Mather, “at some of his predictions, both of more personal and of more general application which were followed with exact accomplishments. If he said of any affair, ‘I cannot bless it,’ it was a worse omen than the most inauspicious presages in the world. But sometimes, after he had been with God in prayer about a thing, I used to expect it to be successful, if he said, ‘I have set a mark upon it. It will do well.’

“I shall never forget that when England and Holland were plunged into the unhappy war, which the most sensible Protestants everywhere had the most sorrowful apprehensions of, Eliot, being privately asked in the height and heat of the war, what news we might look for next, answered, to the surprise of the inquirer, ‘Our next news will be a peace between the two Protestant nations. God knows I have prayed for it every day; and I am verily persuaded we shall hear of it speedily.’ And it came to pass accordingly.

“The numerous, singular, and surprising instances of answers to his prayers, were such that in our distresses we still repaired unto him, under that encouragement, ‘He is a prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shall live.’”

XXIV.

*PRAYERS ON THE SPEEDWELL AND MAY-
FLOWER.*

Alexander Young, in his "Chronicles of the Pilgrims," thus describes the scene of the Pilgrims' departure from Delft Haven; the picture being drawn from Bradford's narrative:

"So, being ready to depart, they had a day of solemn humiliation; their pastor taking his text from Ezra viii. 21. 'And there at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast,' etc., upon which he spent a good part of the day very profitably, and suitable to the present occasion. The rest of the time was spent in pouring out prayers to the Lord, with great fervency, mixed with an abundance of tears.

“The next day, the wind being fair, they went on board, and their friends with them, and truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting, to see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound through them, what tears did gush from every eye.

“But the tide, which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loth to depart, their reverend pastor, falling down on his knees, and they with him, with watery cheeks commended them, with most fervent prayers, to the Lord, and his blessing; and then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they bade farewell to one another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them.”

Such was the scene at Delft Haven. The scene of their thanksgiving, on the deck of the *Mayflower*, in sight of the coast of their adopted country, is thus pictured forth in verse :

*“ On the deck then the pilgrims together knelt down,
And lifted their hands to the Source of each
blessing ;*

*Who supports by His smile, and can blast with His
frown,
To Him their return of thanksgiving addressing.*

*“All hushed were the breezes, the ocean at rest
Was bright in the radiance that lingered at even,
The prayer of the pilgrims arose from each breast,
Each tongue uttered forth hallelujahs to heaven.”*

XXV.

BOWRING AND EUGENIE DE GUERIN,

BOWRING.

Sir John Bowring, one of the most accomplished men of the nineteenth century, was born at Exeter, England, 1792. A member of Parliament, a foreign diplomatist, leader in the progress of commerce, a voluminous writer, and a universally recognized religious poet, and a translator of the best religious thought from many tongues—few men have had such just claim to almost universal genius and influence.

The following prayer of Bowring is found among the hymn-chants in many books of devotion :

PRAYER.

*“From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
Forgive its weakness!”*

*“We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we pour before Thee;
What can we offer Thee, O Thou, most Holy,
But sin and folly?”*

*“Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold in our warmest vows and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat them
Our hearts forget them.*

*‘We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away, and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.*

*‘O, how long suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.*

*“ Father and Saviour ! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness ; and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.*

*“ Then place them in Thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
Where every flower, escaped through death’s dark
portal,
Becomes immortal.”*

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

Eugenie de Guerin, a French lady, noted for her lovely character and piety, and a sister of Maurice de Guerin, a French religious writer, was born in 1805. Her journal, which has been translated, is pronounced by an able British reviewer to be “the outpouring of one of the purest and saintliest minds that ever existed upon the earth.” She died in 1848.

IN SORROW.

*“ O Christ, who didst come to suffer, take
pity on my sadness ;*

“ O Christ, who tookest our sorrows on thyself ;

“ O Christ, who wert neglected at thy birth ;

“ O Christ, who livedst in a strange land ;

“ O Christ, who hadst not where to lay thy head ;

“ O Christ, who wert misunderstood ;

“ O Christ, who hast suffered temptations ;

“ O Christ, who hast suffered contradictions ;

“ O Christ, who hast seen Lazarus rise ;

“ O Christ, who in agony hast sweated blood in the Garden of Olives ;

“ O Christ, who hast been sorrowful unto death ;

“ O Christ, who hast received the kiss of Judas ;

“ O Christ, who hast been abandoned by thy disciples ;

“ O Christ, who hast been denied by a friend ;

“ O Christ, who hast been crowned with thorns ;

“ O Christ, who hast been scourged ;

“ O Christ, who hast borne thy cross ;

“ O Christ, who didst sink on the way to Calvary ;

“ O Christ, who didst see the women of Jerusalem weeping ;

“ O Christ, who didst meet thy mother ;

“ O Christ, who sawest at the foot of the cross the disciple whom Thou lovedst ;

“ O Christ, who hast looked on the unrepentant thief at thy side ;

“ O Christ who hast suffered so much for sinners ;

“ O Christ, who didst end thy life by a mighty groan, have pity on my sadness.”

XXVI.

AMERICAN HISTORIC PRAYERS.

A PRAYER IN THE OLD SOUTH.

In 1746 an Armada of seventy sail, commanded by the Duke d'Anville, left the harbor of Brest to conquer the British North American coast. It was especially designed for the recovery of Louisburg and the capture of Boston. Unparalleled storms drove the fleet to destruction; and when, in September, d'Anville arrived at Halifax, he had only two ships and a few transports. A few days after his arrival he committed suicide.

The people of New England, apprized of the danger from the Armada, appointed a day of fasting and prayer. It is said that while

Mr. Prince was officiating under this appointment in the Old South Church, Boston, and praying most fervently that the dreaded calamity might be averted, a sudden gust of wind arose, and caused such a clattering of the windows that the clergyman paused in his prayer. He then, while the wind was piping about the church, supplicated God to come to the deliverance of his people in the hurricane, and to scatter the enemy by his power. The prayer was answered in a very remarkable way, and the event was devoutly remembered by the colonists.

FRANKLIN'S RESOLUTION.

[*For Prayers in the First Constitutional Convention.*]

Benjamin Franklin was one of the delegates from Pennsylvania, to the Convention for forming the Constitution of the United States, which met at Philadelphia, in May, 1787. He was at this time over eighty years of age.

At this Convention he introduced a resolution for daily prayers. In supporting the motion, he said :

“In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, *that GOD governs in the affairs of men*. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that, ‘except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.’ I firmly believe this; and I also believe that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel;

we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move, that henceforth, prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberation, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

The motion was not successful, but it called forth a record of the venerable philosopher's respect for prayer. Few declarations of faith have firmer language than, "The longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men."

AT BRADDOCK'S GRAVE. [1755.]

The surprise and defeat of Gen. Braddock, is one of the darkest pictures in our history, previous to the Revolutionary war.

On the afternoon of a sultry July day, 1755, the British army, under Braddock, were marching along the Monongahela, when they entered a thick wood, walled, as it were, with hills, which were furrowed by narrow ravines. No enemy was seen.

Suddenly the army was attacked by an invisible foe. Braddock, against the advice of Col. Washington, who was then a new commander, determined to fight the enemy on the plan of European warfare. He had a splendid and admirably disciplined body of troops. Washington was often heard to say, in giving an account of the disaster, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld, was the display of the British troops on that morning. Every man was dressed in full uniform, and marched in exact order; the sun gleamed on their burnished arms; the river flowed tranquilly to the right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on the left.

At sunset more than one-half of this splendid array was cut down by the wily savages.

Every mounted officer, except Washington, was killed.

Braddock himself was borne wounded from the field, and survived but a few days. After his death it was necessary to conceal his body, and it was buried in the middle of the road, on a still summer night, to prevent it from being disinterred by the Indians.

The grave was hastily dug. Washington stood at the head of it, and the soldiers were assembled on either side, holding flaming torches.

The woods around were filled with lurking savages. The burial must be done quickly.

Should there be prayer and religious services?

In the hour of peril Washington never forgot God.

By the smoking torches he uttered the Episcopal prayer for the dead; and, as the earth wrapped the form of the brave and spirited commander, his voice was doubtless heard, in the silence, and shadow, and torch-lighted air, firmly declaring Christ's promise:

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE;

HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE; AND WHOSEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE.

THE JUNE FAST. [1774.]

The Boston Port Bill, which was to go into effect on the first of June, 1774, excited the greatest sympathy for the people of Boston, throughout the American colonies. In no section was this sympathy more marked than in Virginia, then the home of the most cultured and brilliant statesmen.

The old House of Burgesses, of Virginia, caught up the political sentiment of independence which animated the patriots of the East, and the bold sentiments of the Virginian statesmen were in turn re-echoed from Faneuil Hall.

On the twenty-fourth of May, the Virginia Assembly adopted resolutions of condolence with Massachusetts, and appointed the first of June as a day of fasting and prayer.

For this act, the royal Governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, dissolved the Assembly.

The delegates, eighty-nine in number, among whom was Washington, assembled in the Apollo room of the old Raleigh inn, and organized an independent Convention.

They issued an address to their constituents, in which they recommended several important measures, among which was a proposition for a *General Congress* of the Colonies.

The June fast was solemnly observed, and Virginia looked up to God for direction in the crisis. It was this call to prayer, by the old House of Burgesses, and the resistance to the spirit of the act, by the royal governor, that proved the beginning of the American Congress.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS. [1774.]

The first prayer in Congress was made at one of the darkest hours of our history. A deep solemnity seemed to fall upon the forty-four members of that legislative body; and the old hall, where these legislators assembled, presented an awe-inspiring and impressive scene.

Henry, Randolph, Rutledge, Lee and Jay were there.

Most of the members stood with bowed

and uncovered heads, but Washington sank upon his knees.

John Adams has left the following picture of the scene :

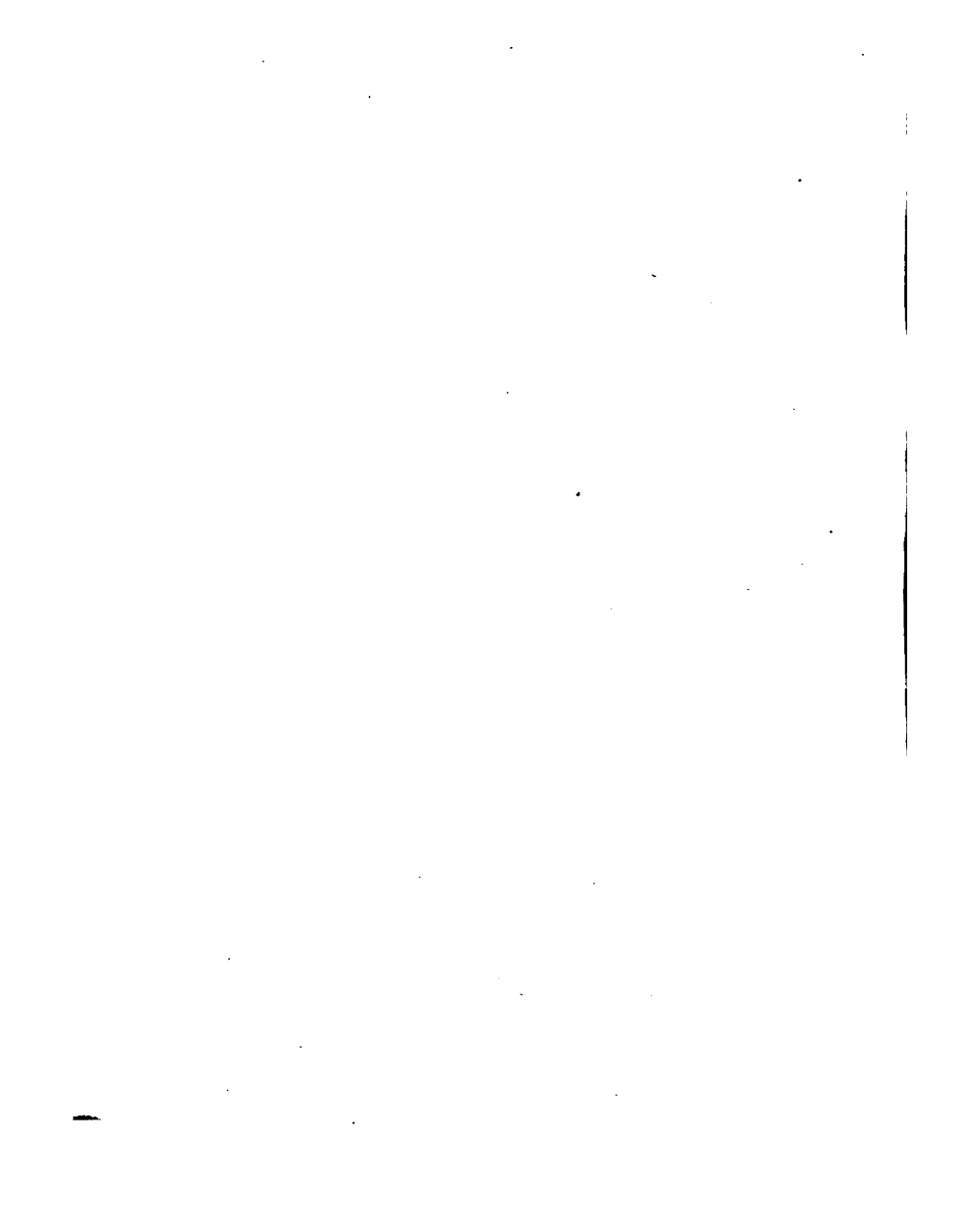
“When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer.

“It was opposed by Mr. Jay, of New York, and Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, because we were so divided in our religious sentiments; some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said, that he was no bigot; could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety, who was, at the same time, a friend of his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche (Dushay they pronounced it) deserved that character; and, therefore, he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress to-morrow morning.

“The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for an-



FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.



swer, that, if his health would permit, he certainly would accept the duty.

“Accordingly, next morning, he appeared with his clerk, and, in his pontifical robes, read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth psalm. You must remember, this was the next morning after we had heard the rumor of the horrible cannonade of Boston.

“It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

“After this, Mr. Duche unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon everybody here. I must beg you to read that psalm.”

The thirty-fifth psalm was indeed in harmony with the roused and indignant spirit of the occasion, for at that time there had come a false report that Boston had been destroyed by the enemy.

“Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me.

“Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help.

“Draw out also the spear and stop the way against them that persecute me; say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

“Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek after my soul; let them be turned back and brought to confusion that devise my hurt.

“Let them be as chaff before the wind; and let the angel of the Lord chase them.

“Let their way be dark and slippery; and let the angel of the Lord persecute them.

“For without cause have they hid for me their net in a pit, which without cause they have digged for my soul.

“Let destruction come upon him at unawares; and let his net that he hath hid catch himself; into that very destruction let him fall.

“And my soul shall be joyful in the Lord; it shall rejoice in his salvation.

“All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto Thee, which deliverest the poor from him that is too strong for him, yea, the poor and needy from him that spoileth him?

“False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not.

“They rewarded me evil for good to the spoiling of my soul.

“But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth; I humbled my soul with fasting; and my prayer returned into mine own bosom.

“I behaved myself as though he had been my friend or brother; I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother.

“But in mine adversity they rejoiced, and gathered themselves together; yea, the abjects gathered themselves together against me, and I knew it not; they did tear me, and ceased not.

“With hypocritical mockers in feasts, they gnashed upon me with their teeth.

“Lord, how long wilt Thou look on? rescue my soul from their destructions, my darling from the lions.

“I will give Thee thanks in the great congregation; I will praise Thee among much people.

“Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice over me; neither let them wink with the eye that hate me without a cause.

“For they speak not peace: but they devise deceitful matters against them that are quiet in the land.

“Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me, and, said Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it.

“This Thou hast seen, O Lord; keep not silence; O Lord, be not far from me.

“Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgment, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord.

“Judge me, O Lord my God, according to thy righteousness; and let them not rejoice over me.

“Let them not say in their hearts, Ah, so

would we have it; let them not say We have swallowed him up.

“Let them be ashamed and brought to confusion together that rejoice at mine hurt; let them be clothed with shame and dishonor that magnify themselves against me.

“Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that, favour my righteous cause; yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.

“And my tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long.”

THE EVENING PRAYER AT BRANDYWINE. [1777.]

It was a calm, bright day, the 10th of September, 1777. The American and British armies had, for some hours, been skirmishing with each other, and were preparing for a severe battle on the following day, on the banks of the Brandywine. The autumn twilight burned and faded; and cool evening breezes stole through the air, and a solemn silence, as though ominous of death that would fall on many a soldier on the morrow, settled upon the hostile camps.

Suddenly the tattoo sounded — not loud, but subdued and cautious — in the American camp. The weary soldiers began to gather in front of the marquee of their commander; some important action was pending; all was expectation. The tall form of Washington, wrapped in a military cloak, soon appeared; a white-haired chaplain followed, and took an elevated position on the trunk of a tree.

Then the soldiers knew that the low tattoo summoned them to the solemnities of prayer. Awe and silence filled the place.

It was the eve of battle, and the eve of life to many who waited for the words of the chaplain. It was the hour of sunset, and each soldier seemed to feel that, perhaps, the sun was setting to him for the last time.

Lafayette was there; the bold and fearless Wayne; Pulaski; Kosciusko.

The old chaplain — the patriotic Joab Prout, of Pennsylvania — addressed to the army a solemn discourse:

“I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined

spirits, though the solemn duty may rest heavy on your souls.

“And, in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare and the piercing musket flash—when the wounded strew the ground, the dead litter your path—then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you. He rides on the battle cloud, He sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God, the Awful and Infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

“And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen; many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and, in the memory of all, will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumn night.

“Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green meadow; around us are the tents of the Continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the

tents, the stillness and silence that mark the eve of battle.

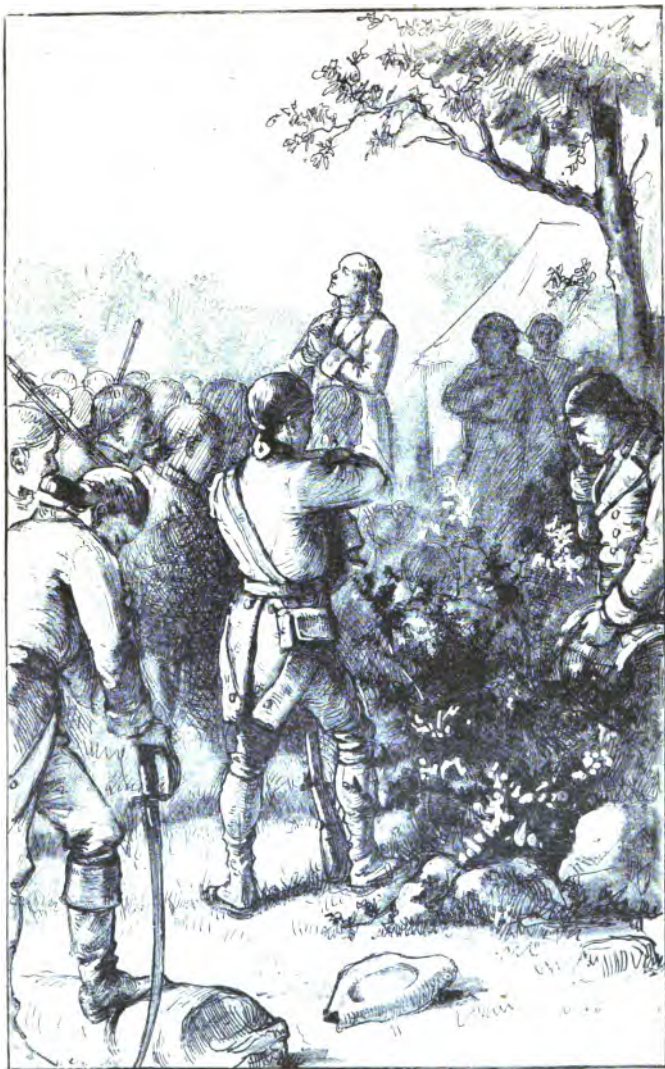
“When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land!”

It was dark now, but the heads of nearly eight thousand soldiers were uncovered in the darkness, when the old man summoned the army to bow in prayer:

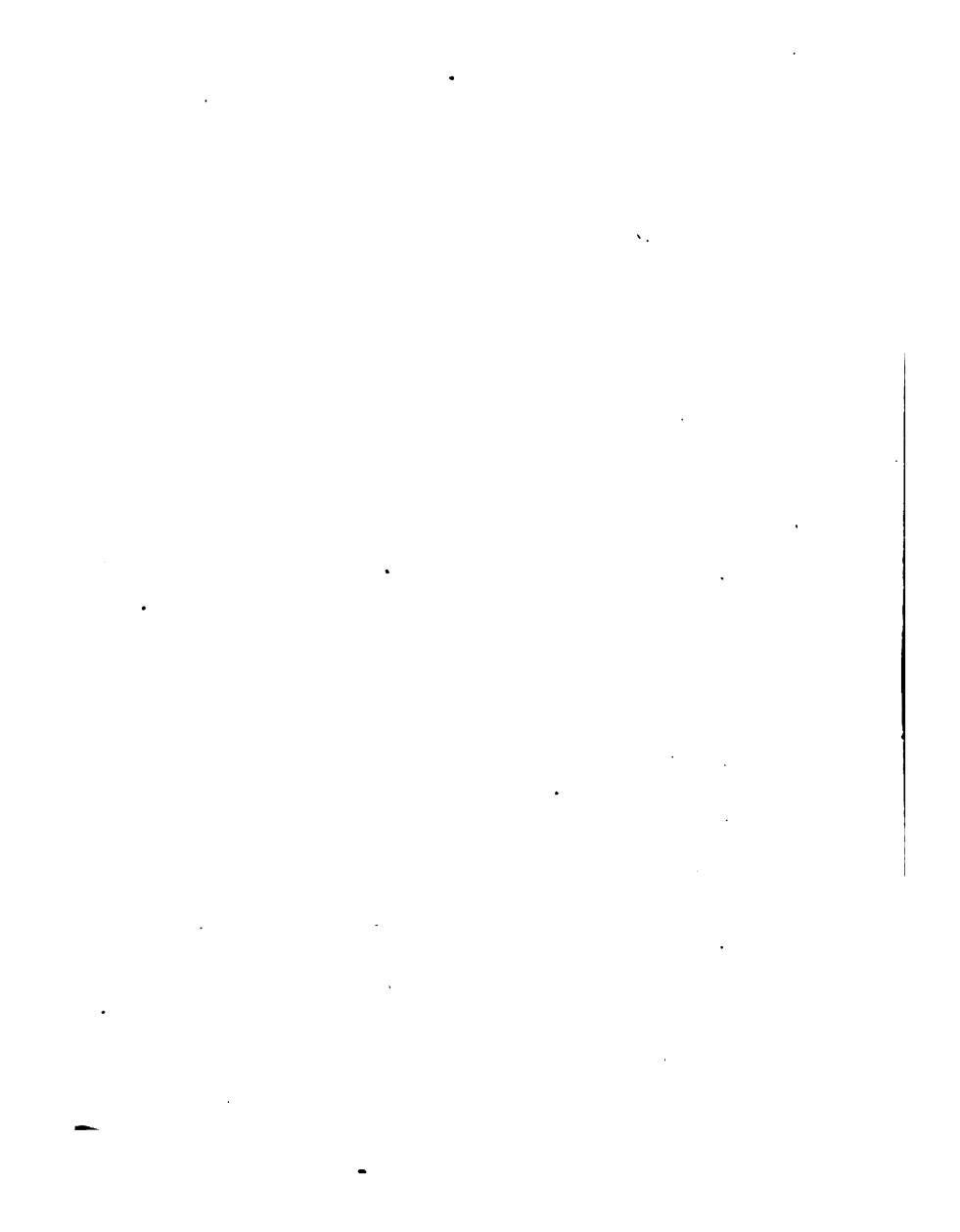
“Great Father, we bow before Thee. We invoke thy blessing, we deprecate thy wrath, we return Thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, O, Lord! and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitying; the sword gleams over our land, the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

“O, God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech, with renewed life and strength, our hope and thy instrument, even George Washington.

“Shower thy counsels on the honorable, the Continental Congress. Visit the tents of our host; comfort the soldier in his wounds and



THE PRAYER AT BRANDYWINE.



afflictions; nerve him for the hour of fight; prepare him for the hour of death.

“And, in the hour of defeat, O, God of Hosts! do Thou be our stay; and, in the hour of triumph, be Thou our guide.

“Teach us to be merciful, though the memories of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with desires for revenge; yet let us be merciful, though they never spared us, in their hour of butchery and bloodshed.

“And, in the hour of death, do Thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto Thee, through Christ, our Redeemer; God prosper the cause. Amen.”

Such was, in substance, the memorable prayer. It seemed almost prophetic. The battle of the Brandywine was an hour of defeat and death to the patriots, yet it was one of those reverses that lead to final victory. The prayer was ultimately answered, though the answer was delayed. The soldier was led to see, at last, the force of the truth uttered in that shadowy September twilight.

“God, the Awful and the Infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.”

WASHINGTON'S PRAYERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

[1777-1778.]

The highest kind of heroism is often less exhibited on the field of battle, that excites and dazzles the soldiers by its evanescent flashes, than amid the hardships of the camp, when patient obedience is duty. The patriotism of the American army, in the Revolution, was probably never put to so severe a test as during the winter of 1777-78, when encamped in rude huts, amid the snows of Valley Forge.

But the men and their commanders trusted in God. The army knelt down together in the dark days of December, to pray for Divine aid and protection; and it bowed again in grateful thanksgiving to God, when the April sunshine had melted the snow from the hills, and the joyful news had arrived that France had espoused the cause of the colonies. In this most critical period of our early history, Washington seems to have relied on God with a calm and unfaltering religious trust.

Isaac Potts, at whose house Washington was quartered during the encampment at Valley Forge, relates that, one day, as he was walking along the creek, he heard a solemn voice in the woods, and stopped to listen. He walked quietly in the direction of it, and saw Washington's horse tied to a tree. In a thicket, near by, he discovered Washington on his knees in prayer. The suffering and perishing army were but a little distance away, in their miserable cabins; the gray sky of winter frowned above them, and the eyes of the general were filled with tears. Mr. Potts felt that the place was holy ground, and withdrew unobserved. On entering his house, he burst into tears. He related what he had seen, to his wife, and added:

“If there is anyone on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington! I feel a presentiment that, under such a commander, there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence; and that God, in his providence, has so willed it.”

Washington's headquarters were near the camp, and he frequently visited the sick sol-

diers, who loved him as a father. He promised the army that he "would share their hardships, and partake of every inconvenience."

One day a soldier, named Josiah Jones, was dying. He called upon his comrades to pray for him. No one felt prepared to perform the solemn duty. They knew not what to do.

Presently the voice of Washington was heard in an adjoining tent, where he was comforting some soldiers with frozen limbs. He was sent for. He came to the dying soldier, and asked him how he was. "I am dying, and I want some one to pray for me."

Washington knelt, and the soldiers knelt near him. He prayed for the dying man—that his sins might be forgiven, and that God would receive his soul. Then he prayed for his soldiers. While he was praying, the sick man died, and the body lay cold and stiff when the prayer was ended.

THE PRAYERS OF THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

The mother of Washington passed her last years in Fredericksburg. She was a prayerful woman, trustful and devout. Near her residence

were some picturesque rocks, overshadowed by trees. A lover of woods, birds and flowers, she used to retire, in pleasant weather, to this lovely spot for meditation and prayer. She there tasted the sweetness of which Cowper sings:

*“The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.”*

Here, the still twilight of the summer days, during the stormy period of the American Revolution, found the mother of Washington praying.

The burden of her prayers is known only to God. No step followed her to that leafy sanctuary. One cannot doubt that she prayed for her country and for her son; and that her prayers were heard in heaven. This place of devotion became to her one of the dearest spots on earth, and she selected it for her grave.

The spring of 1789 found her, at the age of fourscore and five years, suffering from an

incurable disease. Just before entering upon the duties of the Presidential office, Washington hastened to Fredericksburg, to make her a visit. It was their last interview.

“The people,” said Washington, after the first emotions, incident to such a meeting, had subsided, “have been pleased to elect me to the magistracy of the United States. I have come to bid you farewell. As soon as the business of arranging the new government is over, I shall hasten to Virginia, and —”

“You will never see me more,” said the venerable woman. “My great age, and the disease from which I am suffering, warn me that I shall not be long in the world. I trust God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfill the destiny Heaven assigns you, and may Heaven’s and your mother’s blessing be with you always.”

Washington wept like a child, kissed her furrowed cheek, then went forth to the great work before him.

Her grave was long neglected. In the year 1833 a monument was commenced over it, the

corner-stone of which was laid by President Jackson. On it was inscribed :

MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

The story of the prayers of the mother of Washington, in the rural retreat, recalls a not uncommon custom among people of exalted piety, a hundred years ago.

It was regarded as a help to devotion, to pray amid groves, trees, and in rustic solitudes. Edwards and Brainerd were accustomed so to pray.

A beautiful poem of Christian experience came to be used by those who communed with God in these primitive temples. The same poem was also sung in prayer and conference meetings a generation ago, though it has now ceased to appear in any collection of hymns.

It was called :

“THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

I.

*“To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to
part,
And go from my loved home, afflicts not my heart,*

*Like the thought of absenting myself, for a day,
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.*

II.

*"Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have
spread,
And woven their branches, a roof over my head!
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.*

III.

*"The early, shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That sung in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praise, as I went to prayer.*

IV.

*"How sweet were the breezes perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine!
But sweeter, O, sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer!*

V.

*"For Jesus, my Saviour, deigned often to meet,
And bless with His presence my humble retreat;*

*Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.*

VI.

*"Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new ;
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And can, in all places, give answer to prayer."*

MORGAN'S PRAYER IN THE TREE-TOP.

Gen. Daniel Morgan, the Marion of Virginia, distinguished himself for many brave and gallant deeds during the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars. He fought bravely under Braddock, was at the siege of Quebec, imperiled his life at the battle of Stillwater, and exhibited the most heroic virtue at Brandywine and at Monmouth.

In early life Gen. Morgan was reckless and dissipated, and was a famous pugilist. But he had a pious mother, and he always remembered her religious teachings in time of danger. In his latter years he professed religion, and became a member of the Presbyterian church, in Winchester, Va.

“Ah,” he used to say, in his emphatic way, after his conversion, “people said old Morgan never feared—they thought old Morgan never prayed.” He said he trembled at Quebec, and in the gloom of the early morning, when approaching the enemy’s battery, he knelt in the snow and uplifted his soul to God, though he was, at that time, regarded as an irreligious young man.

But his most remarkable prayer, which he always regarded as the secret of his most splendid achievement and victory, took place just before the battle of Cowpens, at which he commanded. He was pursued by Tarleton, who had a superior body of disciplined troops, flushed with recent victory.

He determined to venture a battle, but when the midwinter sun rose warm and bright over Tricketty Mountain, and gave brilliancy to the army of the enemy in the forests below, he was made to feel that his only reliance was in God. While the preparations for the battle were going on, Morgan stole away secretly, went into the woods, ascended a tree, and there poured out his soul to God for protec-

tion, and for the wisdom to achieve victory. He returned to his soldiers, confident in God.

The battle of Cowpens was a splendid victory, won after seeming defeat, as though Providence had interposed to save the patriots when all other helps had failed. Morgan never ceased to believe that the result of the battle was an answer to prayer.

COMMODORE MACDONOUGH'S PRAYER. [1814.]

Thomas Macdonough, or Com. Macdonough, was a brilliant naval hero of the war of 1812. Though not a revolutionary patriot, he was a true Christian soldier, and, we may add an illustration of confident reliance on God to these pictures of patriot prayers.

It is in connection with the battle of Plattsburg that Com. Macdonough has been mentioned oftenest in song and story. Our last war with England was rapidly approaching its crisis, when the little fleets built by the two hostile powers, upon Lake Champlain, met near the mouth of the Saranac for a decisive trial of strength. On the morning of the 11th of September, 1814, about two months after the

bloody affair of Lundy's Lane, the battle of Plattsburg began.

The British and American land forces were facing each other across the river, when Com. Downie, with his men-of-war, rounded Cumberland Head, and bore down upon Macdonough. The young hero was ready for him. It was characteristic of Macdonough that he never lost his hold upon the Almighty — the reason that he was always so cool and so quietly brave. Macdonough was a living example to a glorious text, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

He could always find time to pray, and in situations of public matter and moment, he could pray just where he was. While Downie and his squadron were getting into line of battle, the young commander knelt on his deck, in the midst of his men, and poured out his soul to the Most High.

*"O Lord God of Hosts, God of battles!
Remember thy servant now. In this need and
struggle appear in thy power, and prosper the
right and rebuke the wrong. All our help and*

hope are in Thee. O God of Hosts! God of battles! be gracious unto us, and give courage to these men; give success to our arms; give victory to our country's cause. Amen."

Almost on the echo of his prayer, came the thunder of the first British broadside, and the crash of cannon balls through the *Saratoga's* rigging.

The reply of the Americans was prompt and deadly. The fight began in earnest, and raged with increasing fury, both on the water and on the land — Macomb and Prevost pelting each other at the Saranac Bridge, and Macdonough and Downie pelting each other on Plattsburg Bay.

The British commodore felt confident. With his ninety-five guns against eighty-six, with his one thousand men against eight hundred, how could he doubt the result? But God was not "on the side of the strongest battalion" that day, and Macdonough believed in God.

Early in the battle an odd providential incident diverted the horrors of the scene, and stimulated the courage of the Americans. It

would have been whimsical under almost any other circumstances. One of the enemy's cannon-shot crashed through a hen-coop on board the *Saratoga* (Macdonough's flag-ship), and of course either killed or released all its inmates. An excited cock flew up into the rigging, and, flapping his wings, celebrated his freedom with a triumphant crow. The brave tars immediately hailed this as a happy omen.

Two hours and twenty minutes, and down came the British colors. Com. Downie was dead. One of his frigates, one brig, two sloops of war, and several galleys, became the Americans' spoil, or were sunk in the lake. Before sunrise Gen. Macomb had nobly supplemented Macdonough's work. The British were driven from our northern frontier. The praying commodore was more than a match for them.

THE NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING. [1623.]

The ancient feast of Tabernacles was the beginning of national thanksgiving for the harvest, and for the temporal blessings of the year. It was in jubilant, ritual, and spectacular

effects, one of the most marked religious festivals in the history of the world. Millions of Jews gathered in and around the sacred city, and erected their multitudinous tents, the "amiable tabernacles" of the Lord of Hosts. For a week Jerusalem knew no night. Four elevated fires or lamps, whose wicks were the cast-off garments of the priests, threw their weird radiance over the city; the flash of flambeaux, the echoing notes of the trumpets and the strains of triumphal music filled the streets. The hallel, that sublime oratorio of Judaism, was sung with its glittering ritual and out-pourings of water and wine. Lulabs waved in triumph as the refrains and choruses of the hallel swelled the voice of song. (Psalms cxviii., verses 1, 25, 29.)

*“What shall I render to the Lord
For all his benefits unto me?
I will take the cup of Salvation
And call upon the name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows unto the Lord now
In the presence of his people.”*

At the first feast of the Tabernacles, after the return from the captivity, the grandest of all Hebrew odes was sung:

*“ O, give thanks unto the Lord for he is good,
For his mercy endureth forever.
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the
enemy.
And gathered them out of the lands etc.”*

It was at this feast, and probably at the time when the libations were made, and the offerings of water were brought up to the high altar or platform from the pool of Siloam, that Christ uttered those sublime words, which were to be the spiritual refreshment of the ages: “If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.”

The glory of the Feast of Ingathering, or the Harvest Feast, departed when Judaism was broken and its ritual became a faded splendor. It was never revived in a national form. Days of religious feasting there have been. Saints' days, in the Romish Calen-

der, Christmases, Pentecosts, spring carnivals and holidays, but nothing like the old Hebrew thanksgiving for the fruits and benefits of the year.

It was a time of want, woe and darkened prospects in New England. The year was 1623. Winter had passed, cruel with cold, frightful with the wolves of hunger, and black with death. Spring bloomed and promised, but summer came rainless; and seemed about to blight the promise of the buds, and to forbid the harvest.

Then the Pilgrim fathers felt, as never before, their dependence on God.

“Notwithstanding our great pains and hopes of a large crop,” wrote one of these men, almost in despair, “God seems to blast them, and threaten sorer famine by a great drought and heat; so that the corn withers, both blade and stalk, as if it were utterly dead. Now were our hopes overthrown.”

Still the Pilgrims trusted in God. A ship with supplies was expected soon to arrive from England. Eyes watched the sea, but no speck appeared; no white sail rose through the blue

like a deliverer. Then came the rumor that the ship was lost.

“These considerations,” said Mr. Winslow, “moved us to humble ourselves together before the Lord by fasting and prayer. To this end a day was appointed by public authority. But O, the mercy of God, who was as ready to hear as we were to ask. In the morning, when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear and the drought as like to continue as ever it was; yet, our supplications continuing some eight or nine hours, before our departure the sky was overcast, the clouds gathered on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, moderate showers of rain, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived.”

In the Pilgrims' faith, Elijah had prayed again, and the heavens gave rain.

Days of fasting turned naturally into days of thanksgiving. Out of this dark experience of the Pilgrims grew the New England, and the now national festival of a public thanksgiving.

The harvest ripened, and the white sail of the supposed lost ship arose from the sea.

“Having these signs of God’s favor,” said Mr. Winslow, “we thought it would be great ingratitude, if secretly we should smother up the same, or content ourselves with private thanksgiving for that which by private prayer could not be obtained.

“Therefore another solemn day was set apart and appointed for that end, wherein we returned *glory, honor and praise*, with all thankfulness, to our good God, which deals so graciously with us, whose name for these and for all other mercies towards his church and chosen ones by them be *blessed and praised now and forevermore, Amen.*”

Such was the first thanksgiving in New England. The Feast of Tabernacles commemorated the passage of the Israelites through the deserts, where they were fed by an Unseen Hand in their tent homes. The associations of the harvest feast in the New World are not dissimilar—they, too, recall the wilderness, the smitten rock, and the manna.

*“ He turneth the wilderness into standing water,
And dry ground into water-springs ;
And there He maketh the hungry to dwell,
That they may prepare a city for habitation,
And sow the fields and plant vineyards,
Which may yield fruits of increase.”*

THE THANKSGIVING IN CONGRESS IN 1781.

“ Cornwallis is taken ! ”

The announcement ran through the crisp, frosty air of Philadelphia, on the night of Oct. 23, 1781, arousing thousands from their beds. Lights were seen moving in every house, and soon the streets were thronged with people.

Morning came, and Congress assembled at an early hour. Its first resolution was, “ To go, in procession, at two o’clock, to the Dutch Lutheran Church, and return thanks to Almighty God, for crowning the allied arms of the United States and France with success.”

It was a jubilant procession, and the old Dutch church rang with solemn anthems of thanksgiving. It was fitting that the Congress that had proclaimed solemn fasts, should re-as-

seemble to acknowledge that, "Blessed is the people, whose God is the Lord."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

When President Lincoln left his home in Springfield, Ill., Feb. 11, 1861, he made the following farewell address to his friends:

"My friends, no one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at parting. To this people I owe all I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me, which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man, since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he, at all times, relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid, which sustained him; and, on the same Almighty Being, I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which

success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Under the discipline of the war, President Lincoln's life, at the White House, became, according to many concurrent testimonies, one of Scriptural study and prayer. "When I left home, to take the chair of State," he once said to a friend, while his eyes filled with tears, "I requested my country to pray for me. I was not then a Christian. When my son died—the severest trial of my life—I was not a Christian. But, when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes, who had fallen in defence of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ."

Then, in answer to the question that had led to these remarks, he said, "I do love Jesus."

XXVII.

*BEGINNINGS OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES
IN PRAYER.*

It has been said that every genuine prayer is a positive force in the universe; that the Eternal Will—the axis of creation—dips to human entreaty.

Most missionary enterprises have been the outgrowth of special prayer. Columbus desired to add a new world to the crown of Spain, that he might thereby extend the kingdom of Christ, and it was for the success of this purpose that Isabella, the Catholic, prayed.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions owes its beginning to the prayers of Samuel John Mills, and some fellow-students at Williams College.

These students met to pray near some haystacks in a retired place, which is now marked by a monument. Here they presented their petitions to God for guidance in forming plans for the spread of the Gospel in the world. Mills, called the "Father of Foreign Missions in America," died at sea while engaged in grand mission schemes. The prayer-meetings under the haystacks at Williams College were continued amid the groves of Andover, when Mills became a member of that institution, and these latter meetings led to the appointment of a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and in the embarkation of Messrs. Hall, Nott, Judson, Rice and Newell for mission work in India in 1812, and ultimately in the establishment of missions in Ceylon and the Sandwich Islands.

Early in the present century, a young missionary to the Indians knelt down on the top of Lookout Mountain, to pray for the success of the Gospel among the aborigines of the West. His name was Loring Williams. He is said to have given the name to the mountain, which has become famous in history as the scene of the "battle above the clouds." He

looked out upon a wilderness. To-day that great area of territory to which went the praying pioneer, is filled with the temples of God.

We adduce, from interesting papers on the subject, some striking accounts of the beginnings of missions, and of missionary success in prayer :

The origin of the Baptist Missionary Society of England is of much interest. An unwonted spirit of prayer prevailed. A new thought entered the mind of one of the ministers met in association at Nottingham, in 1784. This occurred while he was upon his knees, pleading at the throne of grace. That thought was, that one hour, on the first Monday evening of every month, should be devoted to prayer for the revival of religion, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the earth.

Thus commenced the monthly meeting for prayer, and at that place a series of the most brilliant conquests over the empire of darkness. Carey, the pioneer of missions to India, was now brought to light, and the subject of the world's conversion began to be a topic of public

discussion. The novel idea was broached, to form a society to send out missionaries, and, after a little time, it was matured and realized, with a fund of £13, 2s, 6d. Yet they had neither experience nor a knowledge of any country where they might expect an open door for the Gospel; nor had they the men prepared to go forth on this untried enterprise.

But Providence had devised the great plan. While these things were transpiring in England, a corresponding part of the scheme was maturing in India.

About the time that prayer began to be offered up for the conversion of the world, and the monthly meeting for this purpose was established, a surgeon by the name of John Thomas left England for Calcutta. The Lord stirred up his heart to attempt the spiritual benefit of the natives. Though unsuccessful in the attempt, his own heart became interested in the things of religion, and he was, on his return to England, baptized in 1785. He returned to India, gained more knowledge of the country and the condition of the heathen, and felt more than ever solicitous for their spiritual

welfare. In him Providence had provided the newly organized society with just such a helper and guide as they needed. Thomas being in London, at the time referred to, was at once solicited to engage, under the auspices of the society, in the establishment of a mission in Bengal.

And to what stately dimensions and vigor, and beneficent activity, this child of Providence has since attained, all know who are acquainted with the history of the English Baptist Missionary Society.

The friends of Missions have for some time observed the first Monday of January as a day of prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit in the world, and especially for the success of foreign missions.

The first Monday of January, 1838, presented a scene of thrilling interest at the Sandwich Islands. At the rising of the sun, the church and congregation at Honolulu, filling one of the largest houses of worship in the island, united in solemn prayer for the outpouring of the spirit of God. A general revival of religion blessed the nation. This was the beginning of what is known as the

"great revival." By mid-summer more than five thousand had been received into the church, and about twenty-five hundred stood propounded for membership. The instances of wonderful revivals that have owed their origin to this particular day of the year might be multiplied.

ST. PATRICK, ON GOING TO TARA.

The following prayer is attributed to St. Patrick. If authentic, it was composed about the year 432. It is his supposed prayer, when about going to preach at Tara, and expecting to meet with persecution:

"At Tara, to-day, the strength of God pilot me, the power of God preserve me.

"May the wisdom of God instruct me, the eye of God watch over me, the ear of God hear me, the word of God give me sweet talk, the hand of God defend me, the way of God guide me.

"Christ be with me.

"Christ before me.

"Christ after me.

"Christ in me.

“ Christ under me.

“ Christ over me.

“ Christ on my right hand.

“ Christ on my left hand.

“ Christ on this side.

“ Christ on that side.

“ Christ at my back.

*“ Christ in the head of everyone to whom I
speak. **

*“ Christ in the mouth of every person who
speaks to me.*

*“ Christ in the eye of every person who looks
upon me.*

*“ Christ in the ear of everyone who hears me
in Tara to-day.”*

XXVIII.

DYING PRAYERS.

ERASMUS—BISHOP JEWELL—JOHN JANEWAY—
ARCHBISHOP USHER—CRANMER.

“*Lord Jesus, come quickly,*” has been the last prayer, or among the last prayers of many, who have languished long in pain. “*Lord, Lord, make an end! make an end!*” prayed Erasmus on his bed of death.

“*Lord, take from me my spirit,*” prayed Bishop Jewell. “*Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace. Break off all delays; suffer thy servant to come to Thee; command him to come to Thee; Lord, receive my Spirit.*”

“I tell you I do so long to be with Christ,” said John Janeway, “that I could be content

to be cut to pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die and be with Christ. *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,*" he prayed. And again: "O, did you but see what I see, you would cry out with me, '*How long, dear Lord? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*'"

"*Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus,*" prayed Rev. John Tennent.

Archbishop Usher expressed a wish to die with the prayer of the publican in his mouth. His last words were: "*God be merciful to me a sinner.*"

Cranmer's prayer, on coming to his execution, was majestic:

"O Father of Heaven, O Son of God, Redeemer of the world: O, Holy Ghost, three persons in one God, have mercy upon me, most wretched caitiff and miserable sinner. I have offended against heaven and earth more than my tongue can express. Whither then may I go, or whither shall I flee?"

To heaven I may be ashamed to lift up mine

eyes, and in earth I find no place of refuge or succor.

To Thee, O Lord, do I turn; to Thee do I run; to Thee do I humble myself.

“O Lord, my God, my sins be great; yet have mercy upon me for thy great mercy. The great mystery that God became man was not wrought for little or few offences. Thou didst not give thy Son, O heavenly Father, unto death, for small sins only, but for the greatest sins in the world, so that the sinner may return to Thee with his whole heart, as I do at present. Wherefore have mercy on me, O Lord, for thy great mercy.

“I crave nothing for my own merits, but for thy name’s sake, that it may be allowed thereby, and for thy Son Jesus Christ’s sake.

“And now, therefore, O Father in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, etc.

LAST PRAYER OF MELANCTHON.

“The 19th of April, 1560, was the last day

of his mortal existence. After the usual medical inquiries of the morning, he adverted again to the calamitous state of the church of Christ, but intimated his hope that the genuine doctrine of the Gospel would ultimately prevail, exclaiming, 'If God be for us, who can be against us!' After this he presented fervent supplications to Heaven, mingled with groanings, for the welfare of the church. In the intervals of sleep he conversed, principally upon this subject, with several of his visiting friends; among whom were the pastor and other officers of the church, and the professors of the university.

“Soon after eight in the morning, awaking from a tranquil sleep, he distinctly, though with a feeble voice, repeated a form of prayer which he had written for his own daily use, and which was, as follows:

“Almighty, omnipotent ever-living and true God, Creator of heaven and earth and men, together with thy co-eternal Son our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us and rose again, and thy holy, true, living and pure Spirit;

who art wise, good, faithful, merciful, just, the dispenser of life and of truth; independent, holy—and our Redeemer, who has said Thou wilt not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should return unto thee and live—and hast promised, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee.’ I confess myself before thy footstool a most miserable sinner and offender against Thee in a great variety of respects, on which account I mourn with my very heart, and implore thy mercy for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, who was crucified and rose again, seeking the remission of all my sins and justification before thee, by and through thy son Jesus Christ, thy eternal word and image, wonderful and inexpressible in counsel, infinite in wisdom and goodness; and that Thou wouldst sanctify me by thy true, living, pure and holy Spirit. May I truly acknowledge and firmly believe in Thee, obey Thee, give thanks to Thee, fear Thee, invoke Thee, serve Thee, and through grace be admitted to thy presence in eternity, the almighty and only true God, Creator of heaven and earth and men, the everlasting Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to

the presence of Jesus Christ thy Son, thy eternal word and image, and the holy, true, living and pure Spirit, the Comforter. In Thee have I hoped, O Lord, let me never be confounded; in thy righteousness deliver me. Make me righteous, and bring me into life eternal; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. Keep and overrule our churches, our government, and this Academy, and bestow upon us a salutary peace and government. Rule and protect our princes. Cherish thy church, gather and preserve it in these provinces, sanctify and unite thy people by thy Holy Spirit, that we may be one in Thee, in the true knowledge and worship of thy Son Jesus Christ, by and through Him thy eternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us and raised again. Amen."

"Almighty and eternal Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who art the eternal Word and Image of the eternal Father, our Mediator and Intercessor, crucified for us and raised again, I give Thee most hearty thanks that Thou didst assume humanity, and art become my Redeemer, and having suffered and risen again in human

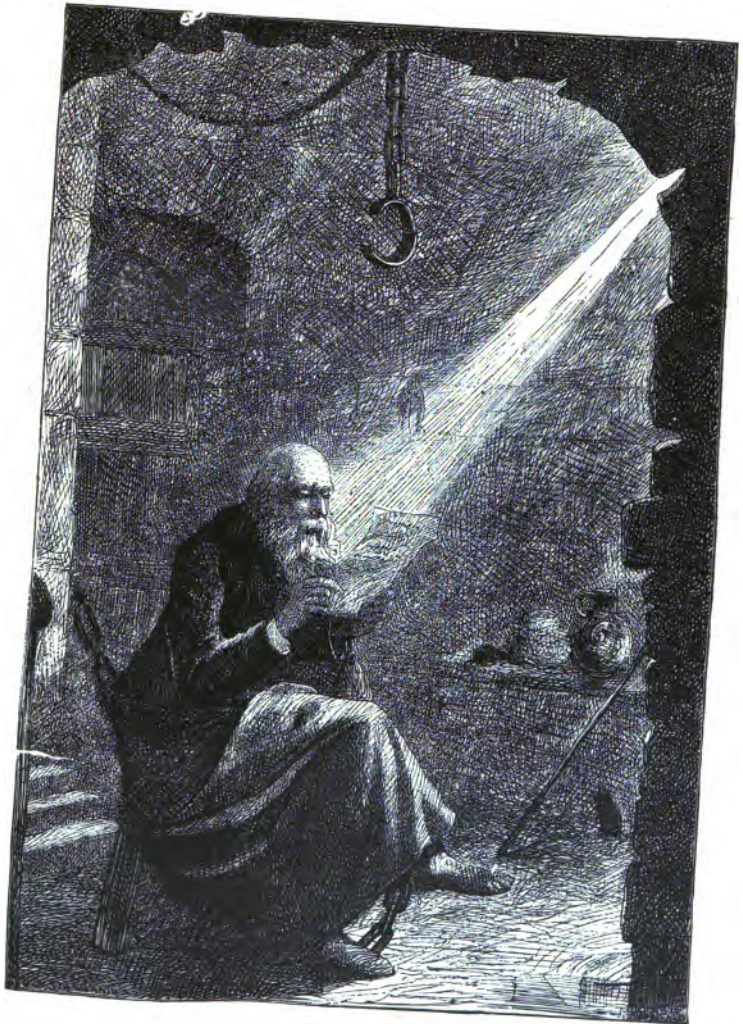
nature, dost intercede on my behalf. I beseech Thee regard and have mercy on me, for I am poor and defenceless.

“By thy Holy Spirit increase the light of faith in me, and, weak as I am, sustain, rule, protect and save me. In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me never be confounded.

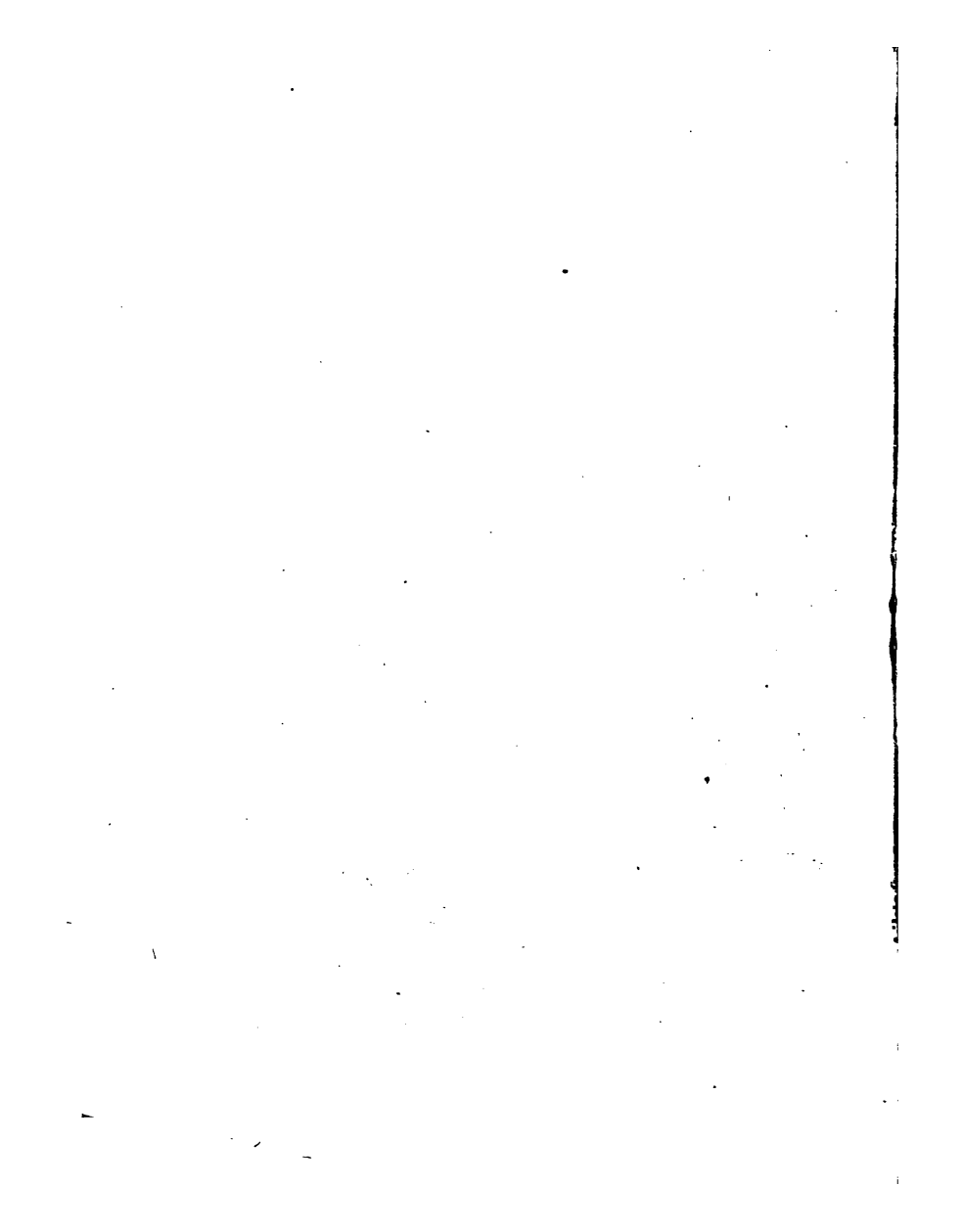
“Almighty and Holy Spirit, the Comforter, pure, living, true—illuminate, govern, sanctify me, and confirm my heart and mind in the faith, and in all genuine consolation; preserve and rule over me, that dwelling in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, I may be and remain forever in the temple of God, and praise Him with a joyful spirit, and in union with all the heavenly church. Amen.”—From Cox’s “Life of Melancthon.” London and Edinburgh, 1815.

MARTYR PRAYER OF HUSS.

The house in which John Huss lodged, the minster in which he was tried, and the spot where he was burned, are shown to the traveller, at Constance. Being accused of heresy, 1414, he was imprisoned in a convent on the shores of



HUSS IN PRISON.



the lake. The walls of his cell were damp, and water stood in pools about the floor. He was enabled to read a short period each day, by a ray of light that struggled through a crack in the roof of his prison. The most of his time was passed in total darkness.

When condemned to die he fell upon his knees, and prayed:

“O, Lord God, I beseech Thee, for thy mercy’s sake, to pardon all my enemies. Thou knowest I have been unjustly accused and condemned, but do Thou forgive them this sin.”

His ashes were cast into the Rhine. A mass of rock near the place of his martyrdom is his monument.

XXIX.

LAST PRAYER OF SAVONAROLA. — 1498.

THE last night of the existence of Savonarola came to an end. One day more the sun dawned, and the first beams shone on him in prayer, preparing to receive the blessed Eucharist, before he was led out to death.

Savonarola was permitted to administer the sacrament to himself with his own hands. While he held the consecrated host, his features were lit up with the brightness of spiritual joy, and in an exalted enthusiasm of devotion he prayed:

“ My Lord, I know Thou art the Trinity, perfect, invisible, distinct in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

“ I know Thou art that eternal Word that

descended from heaven to this earth in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and ascended the wood of the cross to shed thy blood for us miserable sinners.

“I beseech Thee, my Lord, I beseech Thee! Save me, I beseech Thee, my Comforter, that so much precious blood may not be shed for me in vain.

“But let it be shed for the remission of my sins from the day I received the water of baptism until this hour, which I lay before you, and for which I crave your pardon.

“I implore pardon for aught in which I have offended against this city and its people, whether in things spiritual or temporal, and for all things in which I have erred unknowingly.”

He received the sacrament, and then this first great preacher of the reformation in Florence, went gloriously to his death.

His last prayer was as lofty as his life had been stainless. His history is, in some respects, the most impressive of all the early reformers. He was the first great leader that dared arraign Rome for her sins—the Martin Luther of Florence.—See Madden’s “Life of Savonarola.”

XXX.

METRICAL PRAYERS.

BURNS IN PENITENCE. [Written in sickness.]

*“ Fain would I say, Forgive my foul offense.
Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue’s way ;
Again in folly’s path might go astray ;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy’s plan,
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran ?*

“ O Thou, great Governor of all below !

*If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea ;
 With that controlling power assist e'en me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in the allowed line ;
 O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence divine."*

"**THY KINGDOM COME.**

" Lord ! come away !

Why dost Thou stay ?

*Thy road is ready ; and thy paths made straight
 With longing expectation wait
 The consecration of thy beauteous feet !
 Ride on triumphantly ! Behold, we lay
 Our lusts and proud wills in thy way !*

*" Hosanna ! Welcome to our hearts ! Lord, here
 Thou hast a temple too ; and full as dear
 As that of Sion, and as full of sin :
 Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein ;
 Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !
 Crucify them, that they may never more
 Profane that holy place*

*Where Thou hast chose to set thy face!
 And then, if our stiff tongues shall be
 Mute in the praises of thy Deity,
 The stones out of the temple wall
 Shall cry aloud and call
 Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet! Amen!"*
 — Bishop Jeremy Taylor. 1655.

*"One prayer I have — all prayers in one —
 When I am wholly Thine —
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine."*
 — Montgomery.

“LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

*"Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step's enough for me.*

*"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!"*

*I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.*

*“ So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile ! ”*

— John Henry Newman. 1833.

*“ My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !*

*“ May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire !*

*“ While life’s dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide !
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow’s tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.*

*“ When ends life’s transient dream,
 When death’s cold sullen stream
 Shall o’er me roll;
 Blest Saviour ! then in love
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul ! ”*

— Ray Palmer. 1840.

“ LITANY.

*“ Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
 Low we bend th’ adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
 O, by all thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.*

*“ By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter’s power ;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye ;
Hear our solemn litany !*

*“ By the sacred griefs that wept
O’er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flow’d
Over Salem’s lov’d abode ;
By the anguish’d sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany !*

*“ By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veil’d the skies
O’er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !*

*“ By thy deep, expiring groan ;
 By the sad sepulchral stone ;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God ;
 O ! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty reascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany ! ”*

— Sir Robert Grant. 1839.

*“ Father of Light, to Thee I call ;
 My soul is dark within.
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert the death of sin.
 Thou who canst guide the wandering star,
 Who calm'st the elemental war,
 Whose mantle is yon boundless sky ;
 My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive,
 And, since I soon must cease to live,
 Instruct me how to die. ”*

— Byron. Written under the impression he was about to die.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.

“ My God and Father, while I stray

*Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.*

*“ Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !*

*“ What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done !*

*“ Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine ;
I have but yielded what was thine ;
Thy will be done !*

*“ Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My father ! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done !*

“ Let but my fainting heart be blest

*With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done !*

*“Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with thine ; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !*

*“Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done !*

— Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

PRAYER FROM THE ORATORIO OF “MOSES IN
EGYPT.”

*“O ! Thou whose power tremendous
Upholds the starry sky,
Thy grace preserving send us.
To Thee, O Lord, we cry*

*“From wilds of fearful error,
Wherein we darkly stray,
Oppressed with doubt and terror,
For saving aid we pray.*

*“ O, God of mercy, hear us,
Our pains, our sorrow see,
In pity heal and spare us,
And bring us home to Thee.”*

— Translation.

XXXI.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

BEFORE THE TITHE-OFFERING.

“I have brought away the hallowed things out of mine house, and also have given them unto the Levite, and unto the stranger, to the fatherless, and to the widow, according to all thy commandments which Thou hast commanded me: I have not transgressed thy commandments, neither have I forgotten them:

“I have not eaten thereof in my mourning, neither have I taken away ought thereof for any unclean use, nor given ought thereof for the dead; but I have hearkened to the voice of the Lord my God, and have done according to all that Thou hast commanded me.

“Look down from thy holy habitation, from heaven, and bless thy people Israel, and the land which Thou hast given us, as Thou swarest unto our fathers, a land that floweth with milk and honey.”

— Deut. xxvi.

For the example of Christ and Paul see Matt. xv. 36, and Acts xxvii. 35.

About A. D. 1799:

“Lord, grant me to feel my need of grace; give me grace to ask for grace, and, O Lord, when grace is given, give me grace to use it.”—A Poor Man’s Grace, from “Life of the Duchess Gordon.”

Graces for St. John’s College, Oxford, by William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury:

“O Lord, mercifully bless these gifts, and all temporal and spiritual gifts to our use and to thy holy service, and do Thou have mercy upon and strengthen thy whole universal church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

After meals:

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all thy gifts and blessings.

"Make us to sit down at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

"And give to the faithful, departed in the fear and love of thy holy name, a place of refreshment and light, through Jesus Christ."

At Winchester College:

"Benedic nobis, Domine Deus, atque his donis tuis quae de tua largitate sumus sumpturi, per Jesus Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen."

Modern graces:

"For all these mercies make us truly grateful. Amen."

"Bless this food to the nourishment of our bodies, and feed our souls with the bread of life. Amen."

XXXII.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

That it was a common Jewish custom to offer prayers for the dead is made plain in II. Maccabees, xii. In the narrative in this chapter the army of Judas Maccabeus is represented as praying and offering doles for their fallen brethren. The ancient Jewish liturgies and tombstones contain many beautiful prayers for the departed, which illustrate the Hebrew conception of paradise.

The Saviour and his apostles do not allude to this custom, though mention is made in the Scripture of baptisms for the dead. Many writers suppose Onesiphorus, II. Tim., i. 16-18, to have been dead when Paul prayed: "*The Lord grant unto him that*

he may find the mercy of the Lord in that day." The early church composed many sublime prayers for the pious dead, which are found in nearly all ancient liturgies.

FROM THE LITURGY OF ST. CLEMENT.

"At thy spiritual and holy altar, O Lord, give rest, good memory, and happiness to all the bodies, souls and spirits of our fathers, brothers and sisters, whether of the flesh or of the Spirit; who, in whatever countries, cities, or states, have departed this life; whether they have been drowned in seas or rivers, or have died in their journeyings, and of whom no memorial remaineth in the churches existing upon earth. Grant those, O Lord, who have departed this life in the true faith, a good memory, in company with the illustrious ones whose names are written in the Book of Life.

"And to all of those who, having run their race in this world, have appeared perfect and righteous before Thee, and having been freed from the waves of transgression, have reached thy presence, our fathers and brethren of the flesh and of the spirit, grant, O Lord, in thy spiritual and mighty bower, eternal rest.

“ In the dwelling-places of light and gladness, give them the spirit of joy.

“ In the tabernacles of shadow and rest grant them the treasures of felicity.

“ Whence every sorrow is excluded, and where the souls of the righteous, without labor, expect the first-fruits of eternal life, and where the spirits of just men, being made perfect, wait for the fruition of their promised reward.

“ In that place where the laborers and the weary turn their eyes towards paradise, and they who are invited to the marriage supper look for the Bridegroom; where they who have been called to that feast wait until they go up to the same, and earnestly desire the new state of glory; where sorrows are banished away, and joys remain, through and for the sake of thine only begotten Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour.”

Some of these prayers seem to imply a belief in an intermediate state of the dead, and many of them furnish glowing descriptions of the joys of paradise.

FROM THE ABYSSINIAN LITUGY.

“ From the throne of thine unconceived glory,

vouchsafe, O Lord, to look with an eye of pity and compassion on the souls of the faithful departed, the works of thine own hands.

“Be merciful unto them, O great King, and forgive their transgressions, putting away the remembrance of former sins, because of thine own dear Son.

“Leave them not desolate in the place of darkness and trouble, but lift up their eyes to the land of paradise, and satisfy their longings with the waters of thy comfort.

“Protect them from the incursion of their foe, and shield them by the hand of thy Omnipotence.

“Call them, in their day of rejoicing, to delight in the glories of thy heavenly mansions, where light and peace and joy eternal are forever and ever.

“We ask this both for the quick and dead because of thy only-begotten Son, in whom continually we place our hope and trust.”

XXXIII.

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

*“ Father of all ! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !*

*“ Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;*

*“ Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.*

*“ What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.*

*“ What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives ;
To enjoy is to obey.*

*“ Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.*

*“ Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.*

*“ If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way !*

*“ Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.*

*“ Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.*

*“ Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath ;
O, lead me wheresoe’er I go,
Through this day’s life or death.*

*“ This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know’st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done !*

*“ To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies —
One chorus let all beings raise!
All Nature’s incense rise ! ”*

— Alexander Pope, 1688–1744.

XXXIV.

LAUDS AND BENEDICTIONS.

“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.” — Phil. iv. 23.

“The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Amen.” — Phil. iv. 7.

*“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.”*

“Now the Lord of peace himself give us peace

always by all means. The Lord be with you all. Amen. — II. Thes. iii. 16.

“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen.” II. Cor. xiii. 14.

“The Lord bless us and keep us; the Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace. Amen.” — Num. vi. 24–26.

“The strain upraise of joy and praise,

Alleluia!

To the glory of their King

Shall the ransomed people sing

Alleluia!

And the choirs that dwell on high

Shall re-echo through the sky,

Alleluia!

They through the fields of Paradise who roam,

The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home,

Alleluia!

*The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say*

Alleluia!

*Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!
Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests sing*

Alleluia!

*First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say*

Alleluia!

*Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,*

Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous

Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,

Alleluia!